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Poetry.

For the Blade.

DEAD—RISEN!

BY E. S. L. THOMPSON.

A gleam of sky flushed golden
And purple—eyelids dawn;
A star across the horizon's lash,
And day is gone!

A distant twinkling music
From far across the night;
A swell! A burst of anthems proud,
Lo! it is light.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And, bright in heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of May Day.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks over the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
Those dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no death.

Our Story Teller.

AN UP-COUNTRY SENSATION.

BY J. V. PRICHARD.

Sandy Atherton, old "Miss" Sessions' hired man, heard the news "deown to the ville;" Sandy met Nate Huckins on his way home, skimming along the "upper road" in his side-bar buggy with the bay mare in the fills; Sandy told Nate; Nate told Phoebe Ann, his wife, and by sundown the affair was the principle topic of conversation from Deadlow Corners to Cheep's Landin', an area of at least twenty-five good, honest New York miles. Every supper-table reeked with it, and the lamps that burned late that night were made to flicker by witnesses of the spirited discussions and surmises.

"Of all s ghts!" panted Phoebe Ann Huckins, bursting in upon Elviry Wilton who was putting the twins into their night-gowns preparatory to getting supper, "what do you think?"

"What now?" exclaimed Elviry with the half-cross, half expectant air of one who has been surfeited with excitement, giving Rolla Wilton a sudden twist on her lap that sent him off into an indignant howl in which his brother Major lustily joined for very sympathy, notwithstanding the fact that he had himself passed through the same tide purgatory of soap and water, and was peacefully occupied in attempting vivisection upon the family cat with a clothespin under the table. But the feminine explosions had put Tabby to flight, and the hopeful Major resented the intrusion.

"What d'yer mean by *now?*" demanded Mrs. Huckins, direfully beginning to suspect that Alvy C. Wilton had come round by the Corners on his way home from his haying in the Creek meadows, had stopped for his mail and heard the news; "your man ain't got home yet, has he?"

"No."

"Then what d'yer mean? Have you been visitin' with anybody this afternoon?"

"No; but S. B. Jones broke down with a load of cider apples slap in front o' this very door, and I declare I don't know when I've been so worked up!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilton, irrelevantly.

"Make a note o' that!" rejoined Phoebe Ann, reaching for Major and stifling his lamentation in her maternal bosom; "make a note o' that; I've got something startlin' to tell you about S. B. Jones.

"Lor', Phoebe Ann! He aint—"

"I don't know whether he is or ain't—least-ways, I can't say for sure *yet*. Elviry Wilton, the big house up to the Corners *is let!*"

"Land! Who to?"

"A city woman and her girl!"

"Who told you so?"

"Sandy Atherton told my Nate that he seen both over to the hotel at th' ville, where they're stoppin' till their furniteor comes."

Mrs. Wilton rose in speechless amazement and placed the quieted Rolla in the middle of the big white bed.

"Where do you say they come from?" she inquired, returning to relieve her neighbor of Major.

"From down below," was the perspicuous reply.

"New York, think?"

"I reckon they come from France or Europ from what Sandy says."

"Do tell! What is their name?"

"Belmore or Selmore; some sich name."

"Young folks?"

"The old woman's somewheres about fifty; the girl might be twenty or so."

"And no man along of 'em?"

"Not a shadder o' one."

"Well, I *never!* Set down and have supper with us, Phoebe Ann."

"Can't, thanks. I must go home; Nate's promised to drive me over to old Miss Sessions' this evenin'; she'll have all the news as usual."

Mrs Huckins had bustled out as far as the garden gate when Elviry hailed her from the door.

"I say," she called, "what is it about S. B. Jones?"

"Well, of all sights!" laughed Phoebe Ann, briskly returning. "Where's my wits! I vow I'm so up-set! Well, yer see, they says, B. Jones knows all about the women."

Mrs. Wilton's care-worn face fell.

"You might as well try to pump a milestone as him," she remarked tersely, "he's the closest-mouth man in town."

"Don't you go for to fret about that, Elviry," was the undaunted reply; "I'll find set all you and I want to know 'bout Mr. B. Jones. It's the easiest thing Hannah Sessions knows nuthin'!"

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Wilton as she went in and closed the door, "if Alvy wasn't as dead as a door-nail at night, I'd go over myself and hear what's goin' on."

The fact was, that Alvy C was so completely fagged out after his thirteen hours in the hayfield that he was fairly dared not suggest a drive over to "old Miss Sessions's"; of course she told him about the new neighbors, adding such fragments of information concerning them as Phoebe Ann dropped during her feverish call; to which the unresponsive monster replied, "what's it all to you, Elviry?" and straightway fell sound asleep over his pipe.

Meanwhile, a lively evening was in progress at Sessions's farm. At least half-a-dozen teams were tethered along the unpainted picket-fence, while in the gloaming beneath a lordly maple-tree as many men talked buckwheat and timothy, leaving their better-halves to discuss the sensation of the hour within doors, where the fascinated rays of a kerosene lamp attracted a goodly *entourage* of moths and mosquitoes. At last from far down the road the roll of swiftly revolving wheels reached the ears of the masculine contingent, and turning in the direction of the sound, though the fresh arrivals were not yet visible, they all declared as with one accord, "Nate Huckins!"

Note it was, with the buoyant Phoebe Ann at his side, not to mention the bay mare flecked to her flanks with lather. They whirled up in fine style and Phoebe Ann alighted with characteristic agility in the dust of the road.

"Ay, Gol, Nate!" exclaimed Clint Dyke, dealing his thigh a resounding thwack, "you're the *last* man I expected to see!"

In which polite fiction the male chorus acquiesced with a hoarse laugh. It being perfectly well understood in the county that Nate was always "reound" in case of an emergency.

Within doors Phœbe Ann found six congenial spirits, including Mrs. Hannah Sessions, who, attired in a brown calico sprayed with lurid autumn leaves, sat enthroned upon her high backed rocker, the presiding deity.

She was a gaunt, livid-visaged old beldam, quite the sort of female famed Endor is said to have perpetrated. She was crooked, clawed and keen-eyed, to which unpainfulness a habit of thrusting forth her head after the manner of a serpent lent uncanny accentuation. She was disliked and dreaded, but to-night her enemies fawned upon her for the gossip that they hungered after.

The gathering of women in the wide shadowy old sitting-room that evening was a representative one for the district; there were Betsy Angel, 'Phene Dyke and Cora Marvin, Phœbe Ann Huckins, Caroline Jenks and Freelove Armstrong.

"Seven on us!" chuckled the old woman, clasping her bony hands in an inspired way beneath her hooked chin as Phœbe Ann tripped into the circle with a cheery good evenin'; "seven on us, and there's luck in odd numbers, so I'm told!"

"I reckon you knew whether there is or not 'thout bein' told, Miss Sessions;" laughed Mrs. Huckins with sprightly darting.

"I know, so I do," crooned the old creature, nodding significantly until the bald spot in front of her high comb caught the radiance of the lamp; "we're all agin interlopers in these parts, and there be seven on us. There's luck in numbers."

Her querulous tone expired in a reed-like squeak and she lapsed into silence, her ferret-eyes rolling up into her head and leaving the whites alone visible in their shrunken sockets. None of the women seemed to care to study the ghastly spectacle and so turned their undivided attention upon Phœbe-Ann, who had addressed Mrs. Josephine Dyke.

"I say, Phene," she said, "whatever is the new-corners' name?"

"Belmore."

"Oh, sort o' tony, ain't it?"

"What do you know about it?" sneered Car'line Jenks; at which sally Cory Marvin snifled derisively.

"Oh, we know, we know," interposed old Hannah Sessions; "Belmore *is* a tony name, and it was tony folks as cheated me out of my grandson, the only thing I loved on earth."

"Roderick Blair, Miss Sessions?" inquired Betsy Angel.

"Ay, ay, Betsy; my girl Clarissy's boy. She left him to me when she died, poor widdered child that she was, but they bewitched him in the city, where I left him at school, and he ran away and never come back to me, never, never—and he never will."

You might have heard a pin drop in any part of the vast room so rapt were the six women in learning for the first time the true version of Roderick Blair's disappearance.

At last, after an eloquent pause, Phœbe-Ann ventured to inquire:

"Did you ever see those as bewitched Roderick, Miss Sessions?"

"Onst, I think."

"Who were they?"

"City folks," with a piercing gleam in the sunken eyes that precluded further parley.

"At first I thought," continued the crone, apparently unconscious of the rebuke she had given, "at first I thought *these* folks might be them come back to taunt and jeer at me in my lonely old age, so I orders out the chairtee and Sandy drew me over to th' ville to take a look at 'em."

"Well? well?" breathed six expectant voices.

"But it warn't them. Howsomever, they are strangers and city folks, and we'd better not take 'em in."

She spoke with measured deliberation, wagging her head slowly from side to side, and finally lapsing into the reedy drawl.

They did not linger late that night with old Hannah Sessions; she was not in her most garrulous mood, and they felt ill at ease with her. So the six representative women returned to their representative husbands and were driven home in the blood-red sheen of the waning harvest-moon to lie awake or dream upon this genuine sensation which had settled upon them, to lie awake or dream according to the excitability of their nervous systems.

Blissfully unconscious of the hostility their advent had engendered the two strange ladies passed a peaceful, if uncomfortable, night in a stuffy little room at the Cobbville hotel. They were simply a pair of unoffensive, ladylike women; the elder one fine-looking, with an air of dignified repose; the younger sweetly pretty with a sad, winsome look in her long-lashed hazel eyes, which was at all times pathetic. Though attired with rigid simplicity, there was that indescribable finesse about the cut and fit of the dark robes which bespeaks the art of the fashionable mantua-maker. They had taken their supper among the other summer-boarders in silence, had rested for an hour or so upon the stiff hair-cloth sofa in the parlor, and had then quietly retired to their room for the night. More unobtrusive visitors it would be difficult to imagine, and yet, as has been said, their presence had set the entire country-side agog from Deadlow Corners to Cheep's Landin'.

Naturally, then, in spite of the torrid heat that returned with the sun, all the gossips and *habitues* were congregated at the store "up to th' Corners" bright and early on the following morning. For some indefinable reason the very air smacked of public festivity; to begin with, Hank Coates, the post master and purveyor of every necessity to the community, from a pin to a gallon of kerosene, a yard of sheeting to a mowing-machine, was attired in his Sunday clothes, even to the wonderful stiff shirt-bosom carrying his gun that secured his pink satin cravat. Then the men in white shirts, cotton trousers and big straw hats, who ought to have been haying hours ago, occupied the empty shoe boxes and barrels that graced the front of the store counters. Besides—an extraordinary event—half a dozen more or less airily-attired children clung to the fence of the great white house across the road from the store or made stealthy incursions into the confines of the weed-choked garden. While over all an ominous silence brooded with folded wings.

At last a watchful eye within the dim interior of the store descried a cloud of dust far down the road. That kid from the ville and a vociferous proclaimed in as excited a tone as was consistent with the all-pervading awe:

"Here they be!"

Simultaneously S. B. Jones in his open buggy whirled up to the tenantless house, fastened his horse to the iron ring in the big button-tree and drove the skirmishing youngsters to a respectful distance.

Meanwhile, every eye was rivetted upon the approaching team of gray horses as they toiled out of the umbrage of the distant locust trees and gained the seething glare of the open road.

"That's Haym Beals a drivin'!" announced Mr. Coates as he put a nervous touch to his gorgeous neck-ware before the cracked looking-glass behind the letter-rack and took his stand at the begrimed window that commanded an uninterrupted prospect of the theatre of operations.

The vehicle in question contained three persons, viz: the two strange ladies who had passed the night at the Cobbville Hotel and the well known John of the neighborhood, Haym Beals. They approached in good style and drew up with a crack of the whip and a cloud of dust before the big white, tenantless house. With considerable more flourish than he was accustomed to exhibit except when he led the proceedings at "town-meetin'," S. B. Jones advanced and laid his coarse red hand upon the front wheel of Mr. Beals's chariot.

"My name's Jones," he began tentatively; "Mrs. Belmore, I presume?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Belmore," replied the lady in a weary, dissatisfied tone, "and this is the house you wrote us about in answer to my daughter's inquiry concerning a place for the summer in this neighborhood, I suppose."

"This is the house."

Thereupon ensued a pause, almost an ominous pause, at the expiration of which Mrs. Belmore remarked with the reluctant air of one who hesitates to cause disappointment:

"The house may be all very well, I do not doubt that it is, but I could not make up my mind to pass the summer in such a —in this neighborhood."

Her words were evidently an unqualified surprise to the younger lady, who exclaimed in a pained way:

"Mother! Surely it cannot be that we have come all this way for nothing?"

"So far as I am concerned, yes; but, my dear Lillian, I have no wish to influence you in the matter; only I must say that I cannot consent to remain here."

"Of course I cannot remain alone," interposed the younger lady.

"I cannot see why not; there can be no impropriety in staying as long as you wish —under the circumstances."

Blessed as he was with a ready eye to the main chance, S. B. Jones here took the floor.

"I presume the young lady would not care to take the house on her own responsibility," he said, pulling a tall spear of timothy that nodded beside the fence in the faint breeze, "so I will just say that we have a spare room in our house and I cal'late we could make her pretty comf'table, for a spell anyhow."

Mrs. Belmore's eyes were bent dreamily upon the distant blue line of the mountains, hazy with the noon-tide heat, and it was her daughter who replied in her low, melodious voice:

"Thank you very much, Mr. Jones; but I ought not and would not wish to leave my mother. Since she does not fancy the locality, we shall be obliged to look elsewhere for accommodations."

S. B. Jones felt disappointed and routed.

"Then I presume you don't care to get out and take a look at the house?" he ventured.

"I think not, thank you," replied Mrs. Belmore; "it would be encroaching upon your valuable time and would fatigue us very much to no purpose."

"But we thank you exceedingly for the trouble you have taken in our behalf," added the younger lady with thoughtful sweetness.

"Don't mention it, don't mention it! It's a pleasure to serve a young lady like you."

"You may take us back to the hotel," here interposed Mrs. Belmore, addressing Haym Beals who, feeling the importance of his mission to the tips of his fingers and toes, had comforted himself during the interview with the monumental immobility of a Fifth-avenue coachman

"No, not yet!" the younger lady said quickly, displaying most unexpected firmness; "if you are determined to leave here, mother, I will go with you, disappointed as I am; so you owe me the favor of going to see Mrs. Sessions, since we are so near."

Mrs. Belmore's aristocratic features clouded with annoyance, and she bit her lip.

"Do you insist, Lillian?" she asked in a low, almost threatening tone.

"Yes, mother, I insist."

"Then let us make haste; I do not wish to lose the afternoon train that will take us as far as Albany."

"You've plenty of time; three hours or more," observed S. B. Jones, tossing away the timothy-head and stepping back; "Haym, take the ladies round by Festus Wigginses; its cooler and pleasanter that way."

Haym vouchsafed no more token that he had heard than a deaf-mute would have done, but he tightened the lines, touched the grays with his whip, and wheeled off in the direction of the "Crik-Road." S. B. Jones raised his hat, the ladies bowed with degrees of cordiality in accord with the moods in they departed; there was another sirocco of hot dust, and S. B. Jones stood alone in the shade of the buttonwood tree. But he was too busy a man to ponder long upon any matter that did not directly concern him, notwithstanding it might be as inscrutibly mysterious as the visit of two strange ladies from the city to old Granny Sessions; moreover, he was conscious of the fixed stare of the hidden audience across the way in the store, and being conscious, he was nettled at it. Consequently he unloosed his horse, hopped into his buggy, and drove deliberately over to the theater of observation. Never a popular man among his townsmen, he yet possessed their unqualified respect, so that already bowed to him as he neared the every one bowed to him as he neared the portal, but bowed in the silence of keen expectancy. Hank Coates sprang from the coigne of vantage at th' dusty window and came up smiling behind the counter just as S. B. Jones passed before it.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones; nice day."

Hank affected the use of the final g's, possibly because, being the manipulator of the United States mail for that district and a conscientious student of every in-coming and out-going letter-address, not to mention postal cards which were a real intellectual treat to him, he saw the advantage of S. B. Jones's method, and inquired with a distance of manner that was positively disheartening whether any seed-corn had been left there for him by one Chauncey Ham.

"Chaunee was in here last evening," replied Mr. Coates with dazzling affability, "and said he'd be up round your way with it in a day or two."

"He's fixin' a string-piece deown ter Ranses," volunteered a nasal voice in the distant background; (from "Ranses" no one but the initiated could possibly have understood that Vanliessselaer Morris, millowner, was the person so singularly nicknamed.)

"Oh, all right," was all S. B. Jones said, and, saying it moodily, turned to leave the store.

Mr. Coates's jaw fell; he had counted upon extracting a bit of news from Jones, and the town had counted upon Coates to extract it if anyone could, and here was the chance going, going—within an ace of gone, when the postmaster vaulted over the counter with the agility of a squirrel and accompanied Mr. Jones to the door with his pleasant smile.

Outside, on the platform, they paused a moment. Hank took good aim at the bull's eye and let fly:

"Were those ladies friends of yours, Mr. Jones?" he asked suavely.

"No."

"Ever see them before?"

"No."

"Are they going to take the house?"

"No."

"I wonder where they've gone; do you know?"

"I suppose I do."

"*Where?*" with breathless expectancy.

"To ride with Hayman Beals."

S. B. Jones thereupon got into his buggy and drove off, and entering the store Mr. Coates elevated his premises within five minutes by sprucely asking each and every man what he could do for him that morning.

As had been her custom for more than half a century, Mrs. Hannah Sessions had duly cleared up the few pieces of crockery which she had made use of for her frugal breakfast, her hired man, Sandy Atherton, preferring to draw $15 per month and "eat himself," rather than have $12 for the same space at hard labor and have "Miss Sessions eat him;" she had made her bed, set the wide, cool sitting-room to rights, and had even brushed some imaginary dust from the large flat stone before the front door where the tall hollyhocks and ascension lilies flung their lank shadows, and never a cat durst venture for fear of the watchful eye within. In point of fact the watchful eye was at that moment where it had been by day for the last half century, behind the closed blind of the sitting-room, reconnoitering the dusty road that led up to Deadlow Corners, thence to Cobbville, and from there into the great wide world. The withered old woman sat there beside the closed blinds in her high-backed rocker, her shrunken hands folded idly in her brown calico lap, as though she were some useless automaton that Time and Death had forgotten in their restless peregrinations across the face of the earth. She had never been known to sew; it is doubtful if she ever read so much as her Bible, though she did attend church no matter what were the atmospheric conditions. She seemed to possess no genuine human interests, and yet in some occult way or other she had made herself mistress of everybody's business and knew it as well as her own. Any charitable observer, however, would have seen at a glance that old Hannah Sessions bore a blighted life and that if she sat at her window year in and year out scanning the lonesome road, it was because some one dearly loved by her had gone away along that track and had never come back though she watched and waited and, who dares doubt it? prayed for their return.

This morning in particular as she sat in her accustomed place and watched the stretch of road beyond the corn-field where Sandy Atherton was at work, the poor old woman seemed more than usually nervous. Her head darted about in its snake-like fashion more than common, and her eyes would flash in their sunken sockets if a bee or humming-bird shot past the window upon resounding wing. Suddenly she started, caught the window-sill with a firm grip and glued both her eyes to the crevice in the blind.

"Sandy! Sandy!" she called presently, her piping voice vibrant with excitement; "look! who's that a-comin' along the road?"

Sandy dutifully straightened his bent form and shaded his eyes with his hand, notwithstanding the fact that the sun was at his back.

"Why! That be Haym Beals!" he declared with drawling deliberation.

"Haym Beals! who's he got along with him?"

"I couldn't say for sure, but strangers I should say."

"Strangers!" cried the old woman; "yes, some o' them city folks cavortin' over the country as usual." What was her speechless amazement when Hayman drew up in grand style beneath the lordly maples and assisted the ladies to alight at her very gate. She was so surprised as to be physically incapable of moving hand or foot, and so sat inertly in her chair until a rap sounded upon the door, when she called feebly, "Come in!"

The heroines of the profound sensation thereupon entered the dusky appartment to be received by the query delivered in a quaking tone:

"Who be ye, and what d'ye want?"

"I am Mrs. Anson Belmore, of New York," came the reply in a firm, full, womanly voice, while the younger lady advancing quickly and assuming a suppliant attitude that embodied an exquisitely pathetic grace exclaimed:

"And I am Lillian Blair! Mrs. Sessions, I am Roderick's wife!"

"Holy St. Tauss!" burst from the aged lips, and then ensued the inevitable pause of stupefaction; at its close Mrs. Belmore observed:

"Our visit to you, Madam, must be brief."

"The briefer the better," was the inhospitable retort.

"But we have come so far to see you," interposed the young wife sorrowfully.

"Ay, farther than I should have gone to see you. But now yer here, tell me what yer done with my boy? Have yer sucked his blood like vampires?"

"Lillian, let me answer this woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Belmore, quivering with repressed fury.

"Mother!" gasped the girl in alarm.

"Let me go! I *will* speak!" And advancing upon the old woman, who sat with head erect in the gruesome attitude of the deadly cobra when aroused, she continued: "You evidently feel aggrieved in supposing that we have robbed you of your grandson, when in reality it was he who robbed me of my daughter and only let me have her back again when he could no longer support her."

"You lie! He could have brought her here to me. D'yer think I haven't money enough to keep her rigged up in silks if he wanted her to be?"

"It is not a question of attire, madam," returned Mrs. Belmore, stonily, "it is a case of desertion."

"Mother, mother!"——

"Silence, Lillian! Roderick Blair, your grandson, met my daughter by chance and fell in love with her."

"And I with him," bravely declared the young wife.

"They were secretly married and sent me word that they had dared to brave my consent. For days I was alone; think you I did not suffer then? Then they came back and I was forced to realize the best of it: he grew child by me and watch over her. Within a few days your grandson, whether tired of his bargain or not I know not, left us upon some pretext of making a fortune to support his wife."

"How long ago was that?" demanded Mrs. Sessions, breathing heavily.

"More than six months ago."

"Now, mother, let me speak; sit down; you have said enough."

It was Lillian who came to the front then, and as her mother subsided into a chair and produced a fan, she advanced, flung open the door beside the old woman, letting a flood of genial sunshine into the darkened room, and knelt before her.

"Look on me," she began, with intense emotion; "keep your eyes upon me while I tell you the whole truth. I became acquainted with Roderick soon after he came to New York to finish his education at the Scientific school. We met at the house of a mutual friend, and I have no reason to believe but that he was in earnest when he told me that it was a case of love at first sight with us both. He came to our house frequently, and I saw that he impressed my mother favorably, but I knew that she would never countenance more than a mere social friendliness between us. And we were foolish, like all lovers, we dreamed dreams that never could be realized, and we were married secretly. My mother blames me; *do you?*"

She raised her suppliant, tear-wet face, and her eyes, fathomless with emotion, sought the hard ones that gleamed upon her.

"Go on," murmured the old woman, "let me have the whole of your story. Why did Roderick le've you?"

"He left me," continued the girl, her tears finding their way into her voice, "he left me because—because I had been rudely awakened from our dream, because my mother told him that if he insisted upon keeping me by him, he must make a home for me and support me, which he is not in a position to do at present."

"Did you say that, Marm?" the old woman asked, directing a glance at Mrs. Belmore.

"I did," replied that lady uncompromisingly.

"Well, all I've got to say is, you're a pretty tough customer. Howsomever, go on, child; let me hear the rest."

"There is but little more to tell, and yet the worst," concluded Lillian, feeling by instinct that she had won an ally in her husband's grandmother; "Roderick went west, went out to Montana with a surveying party. His prospects were excellent; he did well and wrote buoyant letters for three months, assuring me that by summer he should be able to send for me to come out to him."

"And would you go?" interrupted Mrs. Sessions.

"Go!" cried Lillian, flinging back her sunny head, her face fairly irradiated; "go, I'd go on my hands and knees, if I couldn't go any other way!"

"Bless you, you little trump, I thought so!" exclaimed the old woman with a cackling laugh and softly stroking the girl's head; "well, come, come; finish the story."

"Mrs. Sessions, I have not heard one word from Roderick for the last three months!"

"You ain't?"

"Not one word."

"Lord save us! Then the boy's dead!"

"Not this time, Granny! Lillian, my own darling! Look, it is I—your Roderick!"

But the young wife had cowered down upon the floor with a startled cry as that beloved voice rang through the house, so that Roderick Blair was forced to go and raise the half-fainting girl, and when "old Miss Sessions" came tottering to him, he took them both into his wide embrace and pillowed their heads upon his stalwart breast, the glad tears trickling down his handsome face.

For several minutes Lillian did not speak, and it was the old woman who broke the charmed silence.

"Why, Rodd'y, boy," she said, looking up and stroking his cheek, "you're as ga'nt as a hound-dog!"

"I've been sick, grandmother," Roderick replied, "sick unto death, but I have managed to get home again and I shall be better now. Lillian," he added, stooping to kiss the fair, low brow, "I went first to my mother's house in New York and learned to my surprise that you were up here. I wanted to tell you, with out one minute's delay, that I have a home prepared for you and am able to support you whenever you will come with me."

"Well we won't talk about that at present," observed Mrs. Sessions smartly, withdrawing from her boy's embrace; "I reckon I can make room my two grandchildren comfortable here for the rest of their lives, for that matter. Take off yer bunnet, Miss Belmore and stop to dinner."

Be it said in Mrs. Anson Belmore's favor, that she not only stopped to dinner but remained at the Sessions farm for the greater part of the summer. Old Hannah never became intimate with her; "I could never set horses with her," she was wont to explain, "but she keeps her place and I keep mine, so we get 'long."

Mrs. Phœbe Ann Huckins had but a minimum of news to communicate to Elviry Wilton the next time she called. All that was positively known was that Roderick Blair had returned, that one of the city women was his wife, and that old Miss Sessions had a housefull of company and appeared to have dropped ten years of her life, at all events in appearance.

Forever afterward Sandy Atherton became as much of a sphinx as S. B. Jones, and in time the uncountry folk forgot their brief, if absorbing, sensation.

A Sensible Thing To Do.

Mrs. De Hobson—Yes, Clara's husband is a civil engineer, or something of that sort, in Dakota, and as the poor girl is going out there to live I thought it would be a sensible thing to buy her a wedding present that would be useful instead of merely ornamental.

Mrs. Clarke Browne—That was very thoughtful of you, I am sure. What did you give her?

Mrs. De Hobson—A solid silver button-hook.—*Life.*

The Milk in the Cocanut.

Guest (very much pleased)—I say, landlord, this chicken salad is immense.

Landlord (sadly)—Yes, it's the genuine article. No veal about that salad.

Guest—Why is that?

Landlord—Well, just now, you see, chicken is cheapor than veal.—*New York Sun.*

Humor.

ADAM AND EVE.

A Detailed Account of An Event Which Is Briefly Touched Upon in Genesis.

Satan having anxiously watched Eve for some time, was one day rewarded by finding her alone and in a place fit for his machinations. But in order to avoid frightening her, he determined to present himself in the shape of some timid animal. So Eve, who was slowly gathering fruit, was startled at the sight of a little mouse creeping cautiously toward her. One glimpse of the animal was sufficient; she dropped her fruit, emitted a terrified shriek and made a frantic spring for the limb above her, to which she clung, kicking convulsively at the quaking animal. The mouse, astonished at the reception, darted behind a tree and was quickly transformed into Satan. Amazed but not discouraged, the schemer determined to try the semblance of some domestic fowl. Eve had scarcely recovered from her fright when a cackling hen came bursting from the brush close by, ruffling its feathers and scurrying wildly about. "Eggs!" cried the woman, making a dive for the place whence the hen had emerged, and searching eagerly for the prize. "Hah!" she ejaculated, finally abandoning the vain search, "it's about nothing I can get out, you screechy thing!" and she shied a stone at the clamorous fowl. But the hen, intent upon securing her favorable notice, and gradually disclosing itself, persistently kept up the clatter. "Sho!" screamed Eve, wildly waving her arms, "can't you be quiet? Yi! get out," and before Satan could discover himself, Eve, vexed beyond all bounds, made a rush and aimed a frantic blow at him with a branch. With a terrified cackle the hen disappeared in the underbrush, and Eve, considerably flurried, returned to her fruit.

"Pandemonium!" cried Satin in vexation, having assumed his proper shape. "What kind of creatures are these humans, anyway? This is decidedly a worse job than I anticipated. The folks at home will never cease twiting me about it. Perhaps it would have been better after all to have tried the man first. The woman is decidedly peculiar. I don't seem to understand her. Here I've tried her with the most timorous animal and the most domestic of fowls. Um! what next? Yes, I'll assume the form of a reptile. If that doesn't succeed, I'll try the man."

And as Eve was again leisurely plucking fruit and innocently humming to herself she was startled by the appearance of a great serpent in the tree next her intently eyeing her and swaying its body slowly in time to her tune.

"Sh—"

"Pretty creature, don't scream," quickly interrupted the serpent.

"Hey!" cried Eve, in amazement.

"Don't scream, pretty one."

"Sakes alive!" cried Eve, arranging her hair with a deft movement, "I didn't know snakes could talk."

"Only a few can," replied the serpent," but such beauty would inspire any tongue."

"Oh, nonsense," cried Eve, blushing and looking down, as she gently prodded a hole in the earth with her great toe.

"At last, I'm solid," hemmed the wily serpent in a relieved voice aside, as he rewound his coils into a more comfortable position and settled down to his purpose. "Where's Adam?" he questioned.

"He's down by the river bank naming fishes?"

"Sure?"

"Oh, quite, chirruped the confident Eve.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the serpent, vivaciously, "what pretty hair your have."

"Is it?" assented Eve, thirtiedly.

"Yes, it's so long and soft and of such a beautiful color."

"It's not as lovely as it used to be when I were it banged. I'm glad you like it, though," murmured Eve, coyly tossing her tresses.

"How can I help it?" airily returned the serpent as he cogitated by what course he could turn the subject into apples. After a pause he continued: "I should think flowers and buds would look well in it. Why don't you try them? Peach buds are handsome; apple buds are very pretty."

"So they are," nodded Eve in delight. "I must try them."

At this reply the crafty serpent bumped his head against the tree to suppress his excitement.

"By the way, speaking of blossoms, have you tasted any of those apples yet?" asked the serpent in a casual tone, pointing to the forbidden fruit with his tail.

"Oh, no!" replied Eve, with a horrified look. "I dare not."

"Why?"

Adam says I must not."

"Why does Adam say you must not?" persisted the inflexible interrogator.

"Oh, because."

"Because what!"

"Why, because; because, of course; that's all I know."

"Shall I tell you why Adam says you must not?" demanded the serpent insidiously.

"Oh, do!" cried Eve, her face glowing with pleasure

"It was because——"

"Of course," interrupted Eve, in a flutter, "that's what I said."

"Because," went on the serpent, not heeding, "if you ate of those apples you would know more than Adam. Why," went on the tempter, impetuously, "those apples are a panacea for all ills, a tonic for all disorders; they maintain the form in the strength of its maturity; they preserve the beauty and color of the hair, give the teeth a brilliant polish, clear the complexion, quicken the wit, fire the imagination, strengthen the understanding, stereotype the memory, discover great secrets in gossip, fashion and wisdom."

"Just smell them," cried the tempter enthusiastically, as with a neat sweep of his tail he landed an apple at Eve's feet. "Moreover they are very excellent eating. I've eaten them myself and ought to know. It isn't every day that you hear a serpent discoursing. Besides—ah, well—um—but—I feel, though, as if I shouldn't mention it; besides all this they do say—" leered the serpent in a tantalizing tone.

"What? ejaculated Eve, vigorously inhaling the odor of the fruit, her face radiant with expectancy.

"Why, that the woman who eats one of those apples will have every iota of curiosity she ever experienced gratified."

"My!" gasped Eve, agape, sniffing the apple with ardor.

"I like you very much," went on the adroit serpent in the plenitude of his feelings, "and I don't mind telling you a secret that is, if you promise never to tell anyone."

"I—I promise," gurgled Eve, with soul-stirring attention.

"Do you know, then," whispered the serpent, glancing cautiously around, "that they say—mind, though, I won't tell who says this," broke off the betrayer of secrets.

"Yes, of course, I know," gasped Eve. "Do please go on; what co they say?"

"Well, then, it is said Adam is eating these same apples on the sly, and not saying anything about it."

"The wretch!" cried Eve, sniffing the apple, and under cover slyly indenting the pippin with her teeth.

"Yes," condolingly assented the serpent, "of course he is. And of course you know the eating of this fruit brings with it great creative intelligence. Adam has an idea through its power, of making another woman."

"He does does he?" muttered Eve, her eyes emitting a cold gleam.

"Yes, so it is reported among the animals."

"Why—ah—um," suddenly cried the serpent, upon consideration. "You had better not eat any of these apples. They may be good for the man but not for the woman, you know. I never thought of that. Besides, Adam says you must not, besides—" and the snake sighed pityingly.

"Pooh!" smiled Eve.

"Yes, and, as I was saying, he wanders about mumbling over his plans. He seems to think you're jealous of monopolizing him."

"Does he?" sputtered Eve, taking a vicious bite from the apple.

"O, yes," glibly went on the relieved tempter. "He thinks you haven't much style, and that he could make a better woman than you at any moment."

"What a smart young man that Adam is getting to be!" Eve scornfully remarked, abstractly plucking another apple and eating vehemently.

"Very," asserted the serpent.

"But I'll fix him," she went on. "I'll—I'll make another man; see if I don't," and she gulped a mouthful. "If Adam dreams he's going to sneak about cutting up such didoes he's much mistaken."

"Of course he is," chimed in the consoling serpent, in ecstasies at his success.

"Nice woman he'd make," sneered Eve. "Anyone would think I was nobody."

"So they would," chuckled the responsive snake.

"What's that?" snapped Eve, glaring at the tempter, with scintillating eyes.

"Why—hem—ah—I beg your pardon," stammered the serpent, "but he, a-a-nobody,—oh—and I mildly concurred, he! he! But, ah—not meaning you know—"

"Well," interrupted Eve, hotly, "I'll just thank you not to concur in what I say. If I'm nobody, I don't need every nasty, creeping, slimy, dirty snake in the country to tell me so. Who are you, anyhow, to put your tongue so freely in another person's business? Let me tell you, Mr. Snake, that I can take care of myself, and don't you forget it. I'll give you a piece of my mind that'll—"

"B-b-but—" hastily interposed the serpent, glancing hurriedly around at his retreat.

"Now, don't but till you're wanted to, but. Come, you get out of this; you've been hanging around here long enough with your sauce." And the exasperated woman, picking up a branch, made a vicious cut at the serpent, but that reptile, adroitly dodging it, slid discreetly down the tree and disappeared in the underbrush.

"So!" ejaculated Eve, holding a mouthful of apple, but oblivious to the flavor and effect. "So that husband of mine is going to make another woman, is he? I ain't stylish enough for this paragon of animals, hey?" jabbing the fruit into her mouth. "I don't fully appreciate and sympathize with his new, highfaultin' ethereal intellect, don't I? He's galavanting round eating apples on the sly, is he? Ya! And telling me not to tell them—because—O, the sweet, tender, careful man of a brute! but I'll because him; I'll fling that confounded answer in his teeth every time he questions me," and she ground her heels into the ground at each sentence. "I'm nobody, hey! nobody, ugh!" she snorted. "We'll see who is going to rule this domain, Mr. Somebody, and I'm just begin right away. I'll hide every blessed one of these and keep them for my own private eating, and so, Mr. Slyboots, you'll miss your tid-bits, and when you want to make your woman you'll just have to call on—nobody. I'll just have a little, a very, very little to say about things henceforth." And, seizing a huge palm leaf, she set about gathering all the apples. Carrying a part of them to the hut, she dug a hole and laid them in it and returned for the rest.

Now, Adam having finished naming the fishes, arrived at the bower earlier than eve expected. His eyes at once espied the fruit his wife was so sedulously gathering. "Apples," he cried, "and I am hungry. How kind and thoughtful of Eve. Oh, that blessed, blessed woman. Shall I ever love her enough?" And seating himself inside the cache he commenced munching the fruit. And as he peacefully ate, divine light of intelligence began to permeate his being. "Them's mighty fine apples. I wonder where Eve found them," he remarked, digging deeper into the lot. The delicacy of the flavor, the pleasant sensations attending each bite were so delicious that he devoured apple after apple rapidly, losing himself in an accumulation of bliss. The last apple finally disappeared and Adam started about gorged with intelligence. His faculties were clogged with very Masses of enlightenment which rendered him incapable of thought or action, but acutely sensible of a peculiar fullness.

In the meantime Eve found him on returning, with a palm leaf filled with the last of the apples. Alarmed at the sight of Adam, she started on a run, dropping her precious fruit along the way. When she saw the awful crime that had been committed, she shrieked: "Monster! my apples!"

"Oh!" groaned Adam, rolling his eyes appealingly.

"Where are they, glutton?" persisted Eve, shaking her spouse by the shoulder.

"Here!" groaned Adam.

"Heav

Recent Literature.

From Leo Brothers, Philadelphia, comes a very useful book entitled "Household Manual of Medicine, Surgery and Hygiene," by Dr. Henry Harishorne. It is a volume of 933 pages, 8 vo, and treats of all kinds of diseases, the means of cure, help in cases of injury, and gives general directions for the preservation of health. The author was for several years professor of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, and afterward Professor of Physiology and Diseases of Children in the Woman's Medical college of Pennsylvania. His experience in these positions, supplemented by a large private practice, has admirably qualified him for the difficult task of preparing such a "Household Manual." The first chapters are devoted to the anatomy and physiology of the human system. Then comes hygiene, including house construction, drainage, preparation of foods and drinks, clothing, etc. The author next discusses disease, its causes, symptoms, and treatment. Under the heading of "Remedies," in the succeeding chapter, is a descriptive list of medicines and their proper doses, and an inventory of such remedies as should be found in every house. Instructions upon nursing, on the care of children, accidents, injuries and poisoning, together with a section on old age and death, complete the plan and system-atize the work. The volume is conveniently printed and contains eight colored plates and nearly three hundred woodcut illustrations. Altogether it is a most convenient and desirable book to have in any household. Price, cloth, $4; full leather, $5.00.

"Reymond, A Drama of the American Revolution," by Henry M. Cronkhite, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, is a prettily written drama of stirring times during the Revolution, when the British troops were in possession of the great metropolis. The story in itself is not a startling one so far as plot is concerned. There are patriots with traitors in their midst, but a happy ending comes at the time the Royalists sail homeward when virtue is rewarded by a peaceful calm and quiet marriage bell. The style is easy and flowing, although there is nothing that speaks of strong, dramatic power.

Baker & Taylor, New York, send "The National Advanced Speaker," which was edited and compiled by Oliver E. Branch already known to the public as the author of "The Hamilton Speaker." The selections have been made with care and good judgment, and the instructions given for speakers will be found excellent. The volume is a very useful one for the purpose for which it is designed.

J. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have issued an edition of Alexander Dumas's "Count of Monte Christo" in paper covers, which is sold for 50 cents. This will give everybody an opportunity to read one of the wildest, most improbable but at the same time one of the most fascinating romances ever written, and by many people called the greatest.

The 32nd number of *Cassell's National Library* is entitled "Voyages in Search of the Northwest Passage," from the collection of Richard Hakluyt. Cassell & Co., New York. Price, 10 cents.

Literary Notes.

The August number of *Book Chat* says some very good things about books and authors.

It is said that Mr. Stockton is dramatizing his "Late Mrs. Null," with the assistance of a practiced constructor of plays.

Sidney Luska's new novel, "Elias Bachrach," will deal with Jewish life in New York, as did his predecessors.

The *Book Buyer* for September contains a number of illustrations printed in color —a new feature in magazine making.

Miss Warden, the author of the grewsome story "The House on the Marsh," is reported to be a niece of the actor, Thomas Whiffen.

Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, of Brooklyn, has been selected as associate-editor of Miss Rose E. Cleveland's magazine, *Literary Life*.

Mr. J. B. Cowdin is preparing an illustrated volume of his poetry for the coming holiday season, under the title, "Elsie's Wedding and other Poems."

Macmillan & Co. will publish shortly a work on Madagascar, which comprises a narration of the experiences of the French during the recent war between the French and the Malays.

Anna Katharine Green has finished a dramatic poem of some length, which will be published by the Putnams some time in October. The title is "Ilsith's Daughter, A tragedy of Florence in the fifteenth century."

Cassell & Co. have just issued Julian Hawthorne's latest novel, "John Parmelee's Curse." The first story of the serial was sent by a syndicate of newspapers, but since its conclusion there it has been rewritten and added to by Mr. Hawthorne.

"The Turning of the Worm," in the *Forum*, is a defense against the wrongs that a cold-hearted, print-loving public heap upon the heads of editors. The popular fallacy that any one can "run a paper," is contradicted by an inside view of what "running a paper" really means, and the question is very plainly and accurately given.

According to the New York *World*, Mrs Mrs. Annie Sheldon Coombs, whose husband is of the firm of Coombs, Crosby & Foldy, of Brooklyn, is the author of "As Common Fortune Befalls." This novel published by Cassell & Co., is said to be her first attempt at fiction, though she frequently contributed verses to the pages of the deceased *Manhattan*.

Our successful authors are making the most of their summer holidays. Those who go abroad write tourists' letters to the press, as Frank R. Stockton, Sydney Luska and others. Those who stay at home, lecture or give readings from their stories to the summer assemblies, as E. E. Hale, Will Carleton, George W. Cable and Lew Wallace. It helps sell their books, too. Truly the possibilities for the successful literary man are multiplied.

A Pretty Girl with Her Whistle.

I suppose that the English people do like this sort of thing. They are easier pleased with mediocrity than any people I ever saw. Anything that any amateur does for their amusement they regard as very clever, and are unstinting in their praise. There is a young lady in London who whistles. She was invited one evening to whistle at a reception where I happened to be, and I heard her. I was sitting pretty near the piano. She played her own accompaniments, and she whistled a shrill sort of whistle through her closed teeth. Yet she is quite famous in fashionable society as a whistler, and the Queen heard so much of her wonderful powers in this direction that she was invited to whistle to her Majesty. I did not hear how the Queen was pleased, but I have no doubt she was like the rest of the English people, easily pleased by remarkable performance. Now, I have heard whistling that was remarkable. There is a colored man that whistles through the streets of New York that the Queen might hear with edification; and I have heard Wilhelmj whistle. It is not often that you can induce him to do so; but if you can, you can have a treat. The tones that he makes are exactly like the tones he gets from his violin. I do not think that I could stand a season of English receptions if they furnish nothing more enlivening than Mrs. Potter's recitations and this young lady's whistling.

Poison from the Ailanthus Tree.

Publicity was recently given to the theory that ex-Pres. Arthur's relapses from partial recovery from his serious illness was due to the poison inhaled during his rides in Central park, New York, from the pollen of ailanthus trees, several of which are also located in the vicinity of his residence. Prof. Lintner, the state entomologist, says he has heard of this tree's blossoms affecting some people, but never heard of its causing miasma. State Botanist C. H. Peck says the pollen affects some people, but not all alike. The poison ivy, he said, could be handled with impunity by some, while others it would affect seriously.—*Albany Journal.*

The Value of Prompt Action.

"I shall move immediately upon your works," was the strong language of Gen. Grant at one of the crisis of his theatrical career. Such should be the declaration of every man and woman who feels himself or herself assailed by some lurking foe to health, and especially strong should be the resolution to act if the enemy has already sprung and fastened himself in some vital part of the system. Consumption, Asthma, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and kindred ailments become dangerous only when neglected. They can all be cured by Compound Oxygen if grappled with in proper season. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN send a Home Treatment that enables anyone to cure himself in his own home. Send to them at 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., for a pamphlet giving testimonials. It costs nothing to obtain it.

STARTLING DAKOTA NEWS.

Astonishing Effect of the Fertility of the Soil.

One day last January I got lost in Dakota, and while I was toiling through the long grass I saw a man tearing along like mad. He stopped me just long enough to tell me what was up and off he went again for the Iowa side of the Sioux river, which he cleared at a bound and fell on all fours into a snow-drift four feet deep. He said he and his wife had looked up the moon business and had planted their garden the evening before, but happened to get hold of last year's almanac and missed it about four days. The result was that when he woke up that morning the beets that he had planted 40 feet from the house had crushed in the cellar wall and had also taken the door off its hinges and was thus mopping the floor with all that was left of the hired girl, whom it had snatched out of bed in the attic. He didn't know where his wife was, but he saw some shreds of an night-gown and several agate buttons in the front yard as he fled.

About two weeks ago I saw a farmer out behind a straw-stack gathering into a heap a lot of old bones and pieces of hides and sprinkling salt on them. Yesterday I saw the same man selling a fine pair of steers to a butcher up town. They were as fat and had to be cut out so fast that he had pieced out their hides with an old buffalo robe. The granger was a Sunday school superintendent before he came to Dakota, but he swore they were the same cattle I had seen him kicking together behind the straw-stack. He said all they had eaten was some wild grass that had sprung up in his door-yard, where the women folks had thrown out a few tubs of warm soapsuds on wash days.

Last fall I stopped at a house to borrow a match to light my pipe with. The man told me to go right out into the garden and pick all I wanted. I did not know what he meant at first, but he went out with me, and—I'm almost afraid you'll think I am a liar for telling it—there was about half an acre growing of the finest parlor matches I ever saw. They were as thick as hairs on a blind mole. He said he had a poor crop the year before because the seed was too good for such soil. This year he had mixed his seed matches with about one-fourth toothpicks and got a splendid yield.

I went out after breakfast and saw the man blowing up Hubbard squashes with gunpowder. They were too large to be moved and the farmer wanted the ground. I noticed that one of his wife's legs was about eight inches longer than the other, and the man explained it thus. He said when they first came to Dakota they lived in a dugout, with nothing but the floor, from which they had to mow the grass once a day to find the baby. He said his wife had a habit of sitting with one leg over the other knee, and the leg that remained in contact with the soil got such a start that the other never could catch up.

CHARLESTON STORIES.

The Effect of the Earthquake on Animals.

The effect of the great earthquake shock at Charleston on the animals of the city may be illustrated by the stampede of the horses at the engine houses. They escaped and ran in the wildest affright through the upper part of the city, snorting and neighing, to the terror and alarm of all whom they passed. They were not recovered until the following morning, having run as far as Wagner's farm. All persons who have come to Charleston from the country say that the plight of the poor animals there was pitiful in the extreme. Those which were stabled endeavored to break their bonds, and failing to do so, stood up in their pent houses, trembling and shivering in the agony of fear. Cattle lowed out their distress in unmistakable language, and the cows bellowed in a piteous manner. Those of the animals that were at large fled through the woods, and tried to hide themselves from the mysterious danger in the depths of the thickets and swamps.

One of the most pathetic instances of the expression of terror by the dumb animals occurred on Tuesday night, fully a half hour after the frightful shock. A very savage looking and thoroughly demoralized mastiff approached a reporter on Spring street and, licked his shoes, in an eloquent and pathetic appeal for moral comfort. Subsequently the animal moved off and stopped from time to time, whining at every door and asking in vain for admission in his terror-stricken way.

A gentleman from John's Island says that at an early hour on the afternoon in question the entire island was startled by a horse in from the fields, lay down in a circle and filled the air with their moans. The chickens went to roost long before dark and cackled constantly for some time preceding the shock. This gentleman was sleeping soundly at the time of the earthquake, and was thrown out of bed.

THE HARVEST MOON.

Beautiful Superstitions Brought Back by Beautiful Nights.

It is an old superstition that Providence ordained that the moon should rise early and set late and shine clear and bright during the first few days of autumn, in order to allow the peasants to work into the night to finish their harvests. Hence the name of Harvest Moon.

How glorious the nights have been during the last week! And it is ever so during the first week of September. The nights of the harvest moon are like the days of Indian summer—breathing spells, when all is peaceful calm and quiet.

The moon has been rising at nearly the same hour for the last few nights, the intervals during the present period ranging from twelve minutes to half an hour, against an ordinary difference of about 40 minutes. The path traversed by the moon in its journey around the earth, which it completes every 29 days, forms an angle with the path traversed by the earth around the sun, completed every year, and also with the earth's horizon. If a luminous line were drawn across the firmament representing the earth's orbit and another representing the earth's horizon, it would be found that the two form a smaller angle at one time in the year than they do the other, six months sooner or six months later, as the case may be. The earth and moon are near the former and smaller angle in September each year, and near the latter angle in March, which accounts for the phenomenon of harvest moon.

Ella Wheeler Crushed.

When in New York she called one morning upon Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*. After her card had been handed from a small boy to a big boy, from a big boy to a man, and from a man to a hackey, she was ushered into the sanctum. Mrs. Dodge looked up hurriedly, still holding her pen in her hand, and said:

"Well, what do you want?"

Mrs. Wilcox gasped for a moment, then thinking there might be some mistake, inquired: "You received my card?" Mrs. Dodge held up the card for answer.

"I thought it possible," the abashed visitor explained, "that you might have heard of it before." "No," said Mrs. Dodge, still neglecting to offer a chair; "I never did." By this time embarrassment was beginning to give place to anger in the mind of the intruder, and she found her tongue.

"I would not have thought it so likely that you would have heard of me, although I have written for a great many years and published four books, but that you have yourself accepted at least five of my poems."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Dodge condescended to say; "but then we have so many contributors."

"Besides," went on Mrs. Wilcox, still continuing her defense, "if you read the papers I thought you must have heard of me, for since I came to New York four large receptions have been given me at which almost all of the literary people of the city have been present, and at each reception was honored with a column report in several of the daily papers—"

"I seldom read the papers," said Mrs. Dodge.—*Philadelphia News.*

The Voice of the People.

The people, as a whole, seldom make mistakes, and the unanimous voice of praise which comes from those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, fully justifies the claims of the proprietors of this great medicine. Indeed, these very claims are based entirely on what the people say. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for them. Read the abundant evidence of its curative powers, and give it a fair, honest trial.

As to Progressive Euchre.

"Ma, do you think there is anything morally wrong in playing progressive euchre?" asked a 16-year-old daughter of a society leader the other morning.

"N-no, not exactly," replied her mother, "though I've never thought much about that. But I have heard intimations that the game is not going to be fashionable this winter. On the whole, I think I would hesitate about joining progressive euchre parties. There may be an unwholesome influence about them."

Care for the Deaf.

Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. Beware of fraudulent imitators.

MAPPING THE BRAIN.

Good Results for Man that Have Come from Vivisection.

A remarkable surgical operation was described at the meeting of the British Medical association, held on the 12th ult., by Surgeon Horsley, of the Bloomsbury National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic. The patient upon whom the operation had been performed was exhibited by the successful operator. The case is a very interesting one, because it shows how great progress has been made recently in brain surgery and in the art of locating the seat of disease at the surface of the brain before the surgeon's instruments are used. It also shows once more and in a striking way how much has been gained for the human race by experiments upon living animals.

The patient exhibited by Dr. Horsley was treated for epilepsy. It was decided that his skull should be opened in order that the cause of irritation might be removed. But at what point should the opening be made? Was it possible for the physician to locate accurately the position of the morbid growth before the surgeon should begin his work? A spot on the skull was pointed out, although there were no external indications by which the physician could be guided or assisted. At that spot the skull was opened. There a tumor was found imbedded in the brain substances. This tumor, with a portion of the brain surrounding it, was removed. The cause of irritation having been taken away, the patient ceased to be an epileptic. Before the operation was performed he had been a great sufferer, and both the frequency and severity of his fits had been increasing. When he was exhibited at Brighton, one month after the operation, the fits had not returned.

Two other patients, whose skulls had been opened for the removal of diseased structure or morbid growth, were shown at the same meeting by Dr Horsley, but in these cases the physician had been assisted in locating the seat of disturbance on the surface of the brain by external marks, caused by injury in one case and by trephining in the other. The surgeon's treatment of these patients was successful, but for obvious reasons the first case was far more remarkable. In the first case the point at which the skull should be opened was ascertained solely by the fact that the patients' fits began in the muscles which act upon the left thumb. Knowing this the attending physician also knew that the region of the brain which excites or governs the movements of those muscles was irritated by something that should be removed. He knew under what part of the skull that part of the brain surface could be found. He pointed out the part of the skull which covered that part of the brain; the surgeon removed the bony covering; the tumor was revealed and taken out.

"The art of locating accurately in this way the seat of disturbance, has been developed by a long series of experiments upon the brains of living animals. It is one of the greatest of the triumphs that have been attained by what is commonly called vivisection—a broad term which covers experiments of many kinds, some of which do not necessarily fall under a strict definition of the word. By the side of this art the art of surgery has been developed and improved by means of vivisection. Ability to locate the irritating growth and ability to remove it without killing the patient have been obtained alike in great measure by experiments upon living animals. The results are already of great value to mankind."

JORDAN L. MOTT'S FUNNY STORY,

He Had a Memorable Experience in His Last Trip to Washington.

Jordan L. Mott was in his best form a few nights ago at the Carlton Club. He occupied his presidential chair and seemed particularly happy as he threw the lappel of his coat back and exclaimed: "I am not on dress parade to-night, gentlemen of the association." "How is that?" was unanimously asked. "I'll tell you," answered the iron man. "You see, I was a great Cleveland man, and when the business men's procession took place I marched up Broadway at the head of my division of 2,000 men; yes, and I had a broken leg at that. Well, that's not all. I contributed $6,000 in cash to the campaign fund.

"Now, for twenty years I had been paying about 30 per cent. too much duty on my imported metal, but I could get no reduction under a Republican administration. Well, when my party came into power, I went to myself and by a circumlocution adjust that duty business and get a rebate, so, just before this Dan Manning began to talk, I made up my mind to run over to Washington and see him. Well, I procured letters from Mayor Grace and other leading Democrats, got a special car attached to the 'Limited' express, and ran over to Washington, and bright and early presented myself at the Treasury department. I was soon ushered into the great secretary's presence. He looked at me for just one second, then glanced at the introductory letters, which he thrust into his pocket, then touched the bell, when an aged functionary appeared, to whom he said, 'Take this man to Division 67;' then glancing at me, said, 'State your case there, and if there's anything wrong they'll fix it.' And so, without further ceremony, I was rushed down to the place, and the ancient escort exclaimed to the party in charge, 'The secretary sends this man down to you.'

"Well, do you know that I was almost paralyzed. I was, for a fact. I, Jordan L. Mott, one of the leading business men of New York; an ex-alderman when it was an honor to be an alderman; ex-president of the board of aldermen; at times acting mayor of this grand city; a 'this-long-Broadway,' man with a broken leg, who marched up Broadway at the head of 2,000 business men, and contributed $6,000 for Cleveland, to be treated that way, to be called 'this man.' Bah! it makes me wild.

"But this is not the worst part of it; for, after explaining my case, do you know that they added 60 per cent to my duty?" —*N. Y. Town Topics.*

Under the Weeds.

Weeds are the rejected gift of nature. Man with his mistaken sense and false judgment overlooks in them some of the most wonderful and beautiful of the Almighty's creations.

The home of the cricket and butterfly, the bees' pasture and the daisy's shelter is in the weeds.

Free-handed they come with their tiny flowers, these the rejected, catching the dew and the sunlight, nodding happily in the breeze, taking each from God's hand its life, and clinging to the bosom of our grand old mother.

None notice them there in the woodlands, and no rude touch plucks them forth. They have covered the wrecks of life since creation. Flags of brave people have rotted beneath their mould. They have hidden the cankered blackened mazzards and the bloody swords of the slain.

Arms and the gorgeous paraphernalia of war, flaunting insults to the common mother, have been dragged down and hidden away by them, the bones of heroes covered up and their heart's blood poured out. Nations, drak up and turned to pertilized wastes by them.

Liberty's cause has slept under the weeds; her heroes still are there.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Loaded No Longer.

Many years ago, before the introduction of friction matches, an old farmer used to light his timder for the morning fire by means of the old flint pocket. One day in his absence the wife loaned the musket to a neighbor, who returned it loaded, and mentioned the fact to the woman as he handed it to her. But her husband did not return home untill past midnight, being on a rousing spree. He crept into bed without waking his wife to enjoy a lecture. Next morning he rose in good season with the usual thirst and a hammering headache; after rubbing a few cobwebs out of his eyes and taking a "wee drop" from the remains of the overnight, he commenced preparations for starting the fire. The splinters were collected and the tinder placed in the pan of the lock; click! went the hammer, and the explosion that followed shook the house, dispelling the fumes of liquor from the old man's faculties and rousing his wife with a sudden alarm. Guessing at the trouble, she exclaimed, while not fully awake: "Th-that gun is loaded!" Looking with an empty stare at the smoking gun and at the bullet-hole in the bed-stead, just about two inches above his wife's head, the fond husband replied: "No, I'll be darned if t is!"

Couldn't Tell the Difference.

"Can you tell me, my dear," said a henpecked husband to his scolding wife, "the difference between your mouth and a courthouse door?"

"No, sir; I can't."

"Well, then, you had better have one or the other of them closed, so that other people can tell the difference even if you can't."

Do you ask me for my secret
Why my teeth are pearly white?
Why my breath is ever fragrante
And my gums are rosy bright?
My secret's oft been told before—
Use SOZODONT. And nothing more.

ROMANTIC COURTSHIP

Carried on Entirely by Letter, with Unusually Happy Results.

The Western train which leaves the Baltimore & Potomac depot at ten minutes past 10 p. m., had on board last night a bridal couple. This is nothing strange, for there is hardly a Western train that goes through that doesn't have a bride and groom on board before it reaches Chicago, but the manner in which this young man and woman found that they were quite suited to make each other happy the remainder of their days, was rather a novel one, it having been ascertained entirely by correspondence. They were accompanied to the depot by the bride's aunt and the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony.

"It is a fact," said a clergyman to a *Post* reporter, after the train had started. "They never saw each other until a week ago. The young man has for years been very well acquainted with his bride's aunt. Before he went West, several years ago, he was a resident of Baltimore, where the young lady's aunt then resided. The aunt, who is of middle age, took a great interest in the young fellow, and since he has been West they have corresponded constantly. In on one of his letters about six months ago, he stated that he was doing so well he thought he could keep a wife very comfortably, but he did not know any young ladies as his time was taken up with his business. She jokingly suggested to her niece, who was sitting by, when the letter was read, that there was an opportunity for her, and the young lady, in fun, replied: 'Tell him to write to me.' The aunt in her next letter did so. The young man wrote and inclosed a photograph of himself. Their correspondence ripened into love, and several weeks since, he wrote that he was coming to Washington, and would bring her back to his Western home if she would have him. He arrived here last Monday. She accepted him, for he is an honest, intelligent young fellow, that any girl might feel proud to have as a husband, and she left with him for their new home.

"Though their courtship was carried on," continued the clergyman, "in rather a peculiar manner, I want to assure you that they are very respectable people and for that reason I hope you will not mention their names, as it would be very annoying to them."

The young lady's aunt will join the young couple in their Western home as soon she can settle her affairs here.—*Washington Post.*

SELECTING LIFE-WORK.

What Shall We Do with Our Boys?—A Query Answered.

A correspondent asks to what trade we would recommend him to apprentice his son. Our answer is, none. In the old days, when men went on foot and in stage-coaches, it would do to grind out a few years in the manifold drudgery of an imposed task, but in these days of quick communication—the news of the day at almost every hour, and the opportunity for boys to see and know what is going on around them and a thousand-fold better than their fathers did twenty years ago—we say emphatically, give the boy a voice in the matter. Let him look and choose. If he has a mania for robbing birds' nests and littering up his room with them, put him in the way of becoming a naturalist. If he be forever experimenting and whittling, and trying to do something which he cannot do for lack of means, let him visit machine shops of various kinds. If he wants to know how a thing can happen at midnight, and descriptions and pictures of the event and its surroundings be given to five millions of people before 7 o'clock in the morning, let him visit a well-organized printing office. A few doses of this kind of stimulant will show what path of life the young man will be likely to travel with the best success. By all means, give him the opportunity to select, and, when he has made his choice, encourage his efforts, and do not grind him down by a servile apprenticeship in which he takes no interest, and where nine-tenths of his time is spent in making money for his "master" without benefit to himself.—*The Printing Press.*

A SMOKING BOUDOIR.

Something New for Fashionable Men and Women in the East.

Eastern society ladies and gentlemen are ever on the lookout for something new and a season never passes without many queer innovations. The newest fad talked of for the coming season is the smoking boudoir and though it is for the convenience of men principally the interests of smoking women will not be forgotten. Say a body wants to take her gentleman friends some place where he can smoke without scenting a parlor with the disagreeable odor of cigarettes; then they will hasten to one of the smoky boudoirs and enjoy a *tete-a-tete* while the gentlemen or dude, whichever it chances to be, will enjoy his smoke. An upper room will be chosen, with sufficient ventilation to prevent the room being continually clouded with smoke. The boudoir is intended to be a very pleasant place to sit, and it is said to be an English custom. In connection with this it is said that cigarette smoking is on the increase with ladies, who give as their excuse that they smoke to be sociable with their gentleman friends, and there is no doubt that some men enjoy seeing a pretty mouth around a cigarette as long as that pretty mouth belongs to some other fellow's sister; and the men are few who would care about smelling a bad cigarette breath when they reach over to kiss their wives. This smoking of the women for companionship or sociability may be well enough for them at first, but after a little while of the smoking it will become a custom and fasten its clutches on the women as well as the men. Just imagine seeing one's best girl coming down Summit street with a crowd of other girls, and all holding cigarettes and cigars in their mouths, puffing with a vim! Woman can't dally with the smoking habit any more than can man, and if this foolish habit is the new fad, it had better be kicked out while it's new. The step from smoking one cigarette for fun to smoking a pipe from habit isn't a very long one; and it's a short step from that to chewing, and finally fine cut or plug. It is highly probable the craze will be choked off in its infancy.

A Good Man is Worthy of a Good Salary.

In a certain prominent insurance office on State street there was a Sec. B——d. He was of an old North End family, a graduate of the public schools, an elegant penman and a thorough accountant. His salary was $1,600 per annum, considered large for those days, but he had a numerous family—I think eleven children. One day one of the principal patrons of the company entered the office, and, taking B——d aside, asked: "How much salary do you get?" The reply was, "One thousand dollars." "I will give you twelve hundred." The gentleman was a merchant in high standing, a large ship-owner and wealthy.

Under the circumstances, an advance of 20 per cent was not to be refused, and B——d immediately resigned a situation which was a life one and accepted the new offer.

The crash of 1837 came a few months later, and the high-toned, wealthy merchant coolly told B——d that he could supply his place with an elderly competent person for $500. B——d indignantly left, and then went to the dogs.

I have followed the fortunes of that merchant and his family since. There is but one left to bear his name, and, though open-hearted and liberal to a degree, and one of the best fellows living, his inherited wealth brings no pleasure, for the hand of suffering has been laid heavily upon him. Truly, there are compensations in this life.—*Boston Gazette.*

Easily Pleased.

"Well, darling, I have come to say good-by for a little while," said young Ferguson sadly, looking into his Mabell's eyes, unconscious of his own bleareyes, and inherited a taste for drink.

"Only to New York, dear," the young man said, clasping her closer as he spoke. "Just a little business trip, you know. I shall be back——"

"O, Archie!" interrupted the beautiful girl impulsively. "Are you really going to New York? Really and truly, Archie?"

"Why, yes, of course I am, my child. Why shouldn't I? Is there anything so strange about that?"

"O, I am so glad! Now, Archie, won't you do me one little favor while you are there? Something I want you to do so much, for my sake?"

"Why, of course, my darling, I will. There is nothing I would not do for your sake. Your slightest wish is a command to me. Tell me what it is and I will do it before I attend to anything else. What is it you want me to do, my child?"

"If you will be good, Archie," said the girl tenderly, while her voice sank to a whisper, "and I have set my heart on it too. I want you to jump off the Brooklyn bridge."

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

CONSIDERING the absolute selfishness of the titled foreigner, in nine cases out of ten of those who wish to marry American girls, it seems strange that our country women can have the least desire to accept a proposal from them, unless it is made entirely free from conditions so far as money matters are concerned. There is a sort of humiliation in the idea that a young maiden is to pay a certain price for the privilege of becoming the wife of one who is often her inferior physically, as well as morally and mentally, but it really amounts to that. Sometimes when the young man himself is really in love, and would not be so strenuous in the matter, the family interferes and demands a marriage settlement, by which, in case the young couple should die without children, her money would go to the husband's family. It does not seem possible, but yet it is true, that for the doubtful honor of wearing a title, this exaction is not infrequently consented to. *Chacun a son gout.*

THERE is one thing, however, in which our English cousins are wiser than ourselves, and that is in being sure that a young man has the wherewithal to support a wife before he is permitted to take a girl from the parental roof. They demand that a certain sum shall be settled upon her, to secure her from want in the future, while in this country, daughters of fathers in affluent circumstances who have been raised to know no deprivation of any kind, whose every wish has been gratified, are allowed to marry comparative strangers, men who have not, in any way, demonstrated their ability to afford their wives a comfortable support. The result is, in many cases, lives of real misery, indeed of actual suffering, for delicate girls without any training are thrown upon their own resources to obtain the actual necessaries of life, and often with the care and support of children added to their heavy burden. There is such a thing as too much sentiment and too little foresight, and *vice versa.*

SOME writer, in commenting upon the raptures of American tourists in England over the wild flowers in that country, thinks that their intense admiration of those blossoms must arise from the fact that they have always been familiar with the songs of the early English poets which celebrated the beauty of the blossoms of the fields and hedges, and it is taken for granted, while really those of America are far finer. He says: Take an American swamp in the summer time, the clematis covered with white blossoms, the meadow rue, the thoroughwarts, red and white, the fine ferns and brakes, the blue flags, the wild roses, the daisies and buttercups of early June, or the golden rod and cardinal flower of August, and you have combinations which are magnificent both in hue and form, which English wild flowers could never approach, however skilfully arranged.

THE same writer observes that there is one radical difference between the English and American people and that lies in the love of home and its belongings. The former do not roam from place to place, but generations dwell in the same house and every part is rendered sacred by association, every tree and flower is held in loving regard. Children are taught the names and characteristics of flowers, and in some villages prizes are offered to the schoolchildren for the best arrangement of a bouquet or the most skilful grouping of colors. Here, hardly any one is acquainted with botany, and wild flowers are in a great measure unappreciated.

IT is hard to realize that the common things of life which can be purchased for such a mere song really go through so many processes of preparation before they are ready for use. Take the hairpin, for instance, which is sown almost as plentiful as pins, and seem to be even a simpler article to manufacture. The machinery by which they are made is of a most delicate character and exceedingly intricate. There is the wire put in large coils which are placed on reels, and then in a clamp which straightens, while carrying it forward, to be cut, bent, and sharpened instantaneously. Then they have to be dipped into a liquid enamel and baked in an oven. This must be done with the greatest care as the slightest imperfection or a particle of dust will spoil them entirely. And yet with all this work, the pins can be bought for a few cents a dozen, and even the poorest among women will think that economy in this direction an absurdity.

PEOPLE are very apt to think and say that after middle life is passed, it is useless for any one to think of new undertakings, or attempt to carry out old ambitions. The fact is, that a change of occupation or scene of years makes no difference, if physical and mental conditions are right. The old lady who found herself at 70 free from cares, and in a situation to carry out her life-long wish to become an artist, looked at the matter aright, when she went there to study, and where she is now doing successful work. She will probably not be a hundred years old, for her mind is so pleasantly occupied that it has no opportunity to wear out the body. Lately comes the story of Mrs. Maria Farrow who, at the age of 76, carries the mail for Uncle Sam to and fro between the train and postoffice at Central City, Ill., and through the whole of last winter has performed a daily fulfilment of her contract. She got the appointment as the result of her own earnest application, and she is a most faithful and efficient servant of the government.

I HAVE no time that I can call my own," said a society lady the other day. "I like to see my life complete, and sometimes wish there was an 'off' day, when I need fear no interruptions, and could be at liberty to go on my own way, devoting myself to what I please." The Salad-server fell to wondering as she listened, whether Toledo was not enough of a metropolis to adopt the "At Home" on certain days, now gaining so much favor in the larger Eastern cities. Even those who once condemned the fashion as formal are coming to give it their cordial approval, because it secures some time from society's calls and duties, for other occupations, a thing which, in these busy days, is very necessary. Nor does it interfere with genuine friendliness, as many used to think. The contrary is really true, as is evident from a little thought, for it makes the seeing of the lady of the house an absolute certainty.

CONCERNING this custom a writer in the *Boston Traveler* says: The woman who engraves the name of a certain day, afternoon or evening, upon her visiting cards and the time when she is ready and glad to receive calls, says in effect that she appreciates the desire of her acquaintances to see her; sets too high a value on their time and hers to risk the loss of a visit. She, furthermore, marks her recognition of the duty of hospitality by resigning a stated portion of the week to the performance of the grateful task. Her visitors are never doubtful as to the chances of inconveniencing her or of finding her within doors. She belongs by choice on that day to all who will come, and being prepared to receive them, will be disappointed if they stay away.

THE same writer proceeds to read a lecture to those people who venture to ignore these reception days because they desire to have the hostess all to themselves. "Any one," she says, "except a very intimate friend, is guilty, however unwittingly, of impertinence in presenting himself at any other season unless by especial permission. People who have never taken the pains to think twice at this view of the subject have a way of saying, 'Let me call sometime when I can see more of you,—have you all to myself;' to state reception days. One must have many more unattractive than this proposes, uninvited, to absorb the entire attention, for even an hour, of the always busy and useful mistress of a family. If she, with fullest knowledge of her occupations and desires, chooses to appoint the season for receiving the outer world, her wishes will be respected by well-bred acquaintances. It argues presumption and fatuous self-conceit for one to assume that he can never be unwelcome."

BLOWING UP A SHARK.

The Most Summary Method Applied.

The following curious story, contained in a letter from a young sailor who formerly lived in Ashford, has been received there: "We were lying off Natal the other day when a most exciting occurrence happened. We saw two or three monster sharks playing round the ship for some time—the largest of them measuring about fourteen feet long—so we baited a line with a small piece of pork and dropped it out to him. He calmly swallowed the bait, hook and all, and cut the line with his teeth, taking no further notice of it. We then had recourse to strategy. The breast of a buck which had been hanging up for some time was rather high, was weighted in order to sink it, and a hand charge of gun-cotton inserted therein, the whole being connected by wire with a boat's battery. No sooner had the venison reached the water than the shark made straight for it; but just as he opened his mouth to swallow the bait the charge was exploded, his jaws being completely shattered. The monster turned on its back and sank in the bay.—*London Globe.*

Halford Sauce blends admirably with all gravies.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Bits Picked Up in the Ranks.

James Guttery, of Beallsville, Pa., has sent us a letter which we would like to publish were it not so long. He thinks that the nation does not express its gratitude to the soldiers for what they did in the rebellion in as substantial a manner as it should.

"Soldier's Son," of Payne, O., says that his father was killed at Nashville, Tenn., and that he was taken care of by Uncle Sam until he was old enough to work for himself.

W. H. Wells, late of Co. I, 82d Ind. Int., of South Danville, Ill., writes to the BLADE an account of his experience with Georgia beef. A German messmate went out one night and returned with an armful of beef cut in strips. These Mr. Wells cooked, and ate a portion while his comrade slept. While taking a stroll shortly afterwards near a swamp he came across several dead cattle which had been mired and doubtless starved to death. Their sides showed where the Dutchman had taken his beef. Mr. Wells urges all the comrades to come forward and contribute their rails or splinters to the CAMP FIRE.

The Three Outs.

J. H Williams writes a sharp rejoinder to comrade Tripp's last letter, but both sides have already been given more freedom than we had intended, and so the best way is to stop the discussion. The rest of comrade Williams's letter is as follows:

As a whole, I am proud of the American soldier, let him hail from where he may—North, South, East or West. I may not be hide bound enough, but it does not chafe me to see friends and relatives of dead Confederates cherishing their memory, provided their sayings and doings does not smack of disloyalty now. I have given pecuniary aid to needy Confederate soldiers. I don't care who gives more. (Good for Georgia.)

I want the record of the American soldier to bravely face death and danger, to cheerfully indure every hardship that falls to the soldiers' lot, did not suffer at their hands. But, boys, it does chafe to see some of the leaders coming to the front now, and to think we have been so supremely foolish as to stand up for four years in a fair, square, give and take, for principles we knew to be right, then, after gaining our object, to hand all back and quietly walk away.

I wish I had the ability to sound a blast that would thrill you through and through, arousing you to duty as the shrill bugle call of "to arms!" aroused the sleeping trooper, or the rattling drums sounding the long roll, brought to their feet in a hasty manner.

Dont let us flitter our strength away in a third party. I am just as strong a temperance man as any of you, but one fight on my hands at a time is plenty. Past elections show the wisdom of this: Make the fight against whisky, that and that alone. Thousands of voters will be found fighting side by side, who would be brought together on no other issue. In our ball games, when a boy, three outs, put the side out. There is the three outs to work on: whisky, out of fashion, out of politics, out of existance. J. H. WILLIAMS, Co. G., 1st Iowa Cav.

A Reunion in a Beer Garden.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As the BLADE is the friend of the soldiers, and also an advocate of temperance, I would like to say a few words to the old comrades who read the CAMP FIRE. Now I do not propose to say who shall or shall not attend beer gardens, but want to enter my protest against holding reunions of old soldiers in such a place as a beer garden. Such a place is a poor place to select, and its effects upon the participants are damaging to a great extent. A short time ago

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but not when specially requested. They will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Procter Knott on Duluth.

J. L. P., Duluth, Minn.:

Can the Bureau give some extracts from the speech of J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, ridiculing Duluth?

The speech was delivered in the House of Representatives on the St. Croix and Superior land grant, January 21, 1871. Mr. K. would not talk in the same strain about Duluth now. His speech was quite lengthy, and he had not concluded when the hammer fell, but by unanimous consent he was allowed to continue. He made frequent reference to a map of Duluth which he held in his hand. He said that after Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conception of the delicious charms of Duluth when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody—

"Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Whereon the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint in the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tint of the earth and the hues of the sky
In color though varied, in beauty may vie?"

When the hammer fell, Mr. Knott was pointing to the map, and saying that he found not only "vast wheat fields" represented, but immense herds of buffaloes and a large encampment of Sioux Indians. Continuing, he said: "The idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, and of these vast encampments of Indians, is rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity; but to my mind there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. It is a fact well known to all the old settlers of that section that when Fremont explored the country he found it with buffalo trails. Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to one another, and to Duluth, is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of the Pacific slope. Duluth is destined to be the best market in the world. You will observe that the buffaloes are directly between the Piegans and Duluth, and right on the road to Duluth, are the Pembina settlements. Now, the buffaloes sufficiently fat from grazing on those immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on to Duluth, and dispose, with their friends, the Crees, and go into Duluth in the morning. I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies, yelling at their heels! On they tear, and away go the Crees, and the Crees, they join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is quietly penned in the area of Duluth at Duluth. Ah, sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of the blessed privilege of voting for the grant of lands provided for in this bill! There are but three days more, and then I'm done. In the first place my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in the road than they have in the great question of universal suffrage now, perhaps, agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners, who recently left this capital for that fine and enlightened republic, would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted; and in the second place, the land which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!"

Earthquakes.

Sub., Beaufort, N. C.:

Please give a brief account of the cause of earthquakes.

Many theories have been advanced. Major Powell, director of the United States geological survey, says the explanation of earthquakes, usually accepted by geologists is something like this:

The earth's surface is believed to be formed of a solid crust of rock of variable thicknesses in different regions. This crust rests upon a material in a more or less fluid condition, so that the shell is subject to the stress of deformation like water or molten iron. The reasons for believing that the interior is in a somewhat fluid condition are various. The most important are the following: 1. Many observations made in mines, artesian wells, etc., it is discovered that there is an increase of temperature from the surface downward, and that this increase is so great that a degree of heat sufficient to melt all known rock is reached.

2. By certain geologic genesis certain rocks from below are brought to the surface in mountain building, and these rocks give evidence of having been greatly heated, and even of having been melted.

3. Molten matter in very large quantities comes up from the interior of the earth through fissures in the crust, as dikes and sheets. Besides these lines of evidence there are many accessory facts which tell the same story. The interior of the earth is constantly losing heat in a variety of ways. A small amount is carried off in steam from surfaces and radiated into space. A large amount of heat is conveyed from the interior through the agency of hot springs.

Such springs are found in many portions of the earth, though in a few districts are very abundant. Though them much heat is conveyed from the interior to the surface, which is thus radiated into space. The lavas that are poured out from volcanic craters at the top all of which is lost to the earth through radiation. The secular cooling which results from the above causes must necessarily diminish the magnitude of the earth, and it shrinks like an apple as the interior crust must in some manner yield to as to conform to the lesser magnitude thus produced.

The stress produced on the crust of the earth by the secular cooling of the interior is modified by another class of agencies. The land surface of the earth is washed by rains and rivers, and in the aggregate large bodies of material are carried away and deposited in the bottoms, which are gradually filled up, and especially deposited in the deltas at the mouths of rivers. The unloading of land areas and the overloading of certain water areas, to a large extent, localizes it. Again, the fluid or plastic material of the interior changes its density by the unloading of certain areas and portions of it flow out as lava, thus an additional set of stresses is established. Thus stresses are established through the agency of a contrasting character between the loading and unloading of the surface, and through the flow of interior matter to lava beds, where such matter is poured out upon the surface. The stresses produced by the various causes thus enumerated are gradually increased so great that at last the crust of the earth must yield, and earthquakes are produced.

Cable Cars.

L. W., Leeds, Wis.:

1. Please give a description of the way the cable cars are propelled. 2. Was David R. Atchison ever President of the United States for one day?

1. Cable cars, or "grip cars," are in successful operation in Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities, and will come into still more general use. They consist of a car, like a horse car, though sometimes are larger, and run upon the same kind of tracks. They are propelled by a moving wire cable, which runs over grooved wheels beneath the surface of the street, and directly in the center of the track, between the rails. This cable is simply an endless rope, which is kept in motion by being run over a large drum wheel, operated by a stationary engine at the terminus of the line. The car has a slot in the street car line. In the middle of the tracks, and immediately over the moving cable, is a slot about three-fourths of an inch wide, that is continuous for the length of the line, and is always open. In the center of the cars is an arrangement called a "grip," and consisting of a set of lever appliances. This piece of mechanism, which cannot be described in words, extends below the car through the slot in the street, and a clamp works tightly or loosely on the cable, as the operator wills. One man at the lever or grip has the power to fasten it tightly to the moving cable beneath, and run as rapidly as it does, or loosely and go slower, or let go altogether and stop. The motive power is supplied altogether by the stationary engine, and the man on the car who handles the lever controls the speed. 2. No.

Mosaics.

Ella Bolderville, Ga.:

Explain the difference between Roman, Florentine, and Byzantine mosaics.

The art of producing pictorial representations or geometrical figures by means of small pieces of stone, glass, or other hard substance, variously colored, arranged according to design, and cemented together on a solid background, has its origin away almost to time out of mind. There are, of course, many points of similarity between the several schools, and only a few of the differences can be noted here. The Florentine mosaic dates from the time of the Medici, and are made entirely of precious or semi-precious stones, such as amethyst, agate, jasper, onyx, and others, cut and inlaid in figures or ornaments best suited to produce the effects which are desired. The objects represented are most frequently birds, flowers, fruits, vases, sometimes buildings, and more rarely portraits and landscapes. In reference to the Byzantine mosaics, it may be said that the smalti, or small cubes of colored glass which compose the picture, are stuck into the cementing paste, or mastic, in the same manner as were the colored pebbles, stone, and marble of the tessella and tesserae of the ancients. Christian mosaics admit, says one writer, of two general divisions, the later Roman and the Byzantine styles, the materials in use for the purpose being those of colored glass, inlaid, in the Roman school, on a ground of blue and white, although in the latter the tesserae are frequently irregular in size and the workmanship coarse. The former style flourished in Italy during the fifth and sixth centuries, the most splendid specimens being found in the churches of Rome and Ravenna.

Tullahoma, Tenn.

In compliance with a request in this department, W. E. J., of Tullahoma, Tenn., kindly sends the following:

The town of Tullahoma is located on a plateau lying along the west side of the Cumberland mountains—a physical division of the state known as the Highland Rim. This Rim has an average altitude of 1,000 feet above sea level, is about the shape of a horse collar and encircles the limestone basin of Middle Tennessee. The town site is 1,142 feet above the level of the ocean and 900 feet lower than the Cumberland table lands, the bold outlines of which can be traced for 100 miles, lying along the southeastern horizon.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroad passes through the town, the first named city being 69 miles distant, while Chattanooga lies 82 miles by rail to the southeast. A branch road leaves the main line at this point, terminating at Sparta, Tenn., 60 miles northeast.

The town of Tullahoma is about 40 years old. When the Federal army flanked Bragg in July, 1863, forcing the Confederate hosts to flee over the "mountain wall" to Chattanooga, this was the most unsightly land-bedeviled, little, squalid hamlet of some 300 war-vexed souls that the "Yanks" up to that hour had seen anywhere in Dixie. For fifteen years after the thunders of hostile cannon that had echoed along these mountain sides, were hushed in peace, its citizens sat among their broken idols in sullenness and apathy, until aroused from their Rip Van Winkle slumber by the shouts of the army of progress; the town started forward with a vigorous and healthy growth, and to-day Tullahoma is as handsome and substantially built young city of 2,500 wide-awake inhabitants as can be found anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line. Its manufacturing interests are represented by a woolen mill, hub, spoke and rim factory, file factory, one planing and saw mill, and one tannery.

Nine church buildings attest the fact that a spirit of devotion to seven religious creeds prevail among the people of this city—namely: Presbyterian, Cumberland Presbyterian, Baptist, Christian, M. E. church, South, Methodist Church, South, and one Episcopal society. The colored brethren have two churches—Methodist and Baptist.

The town boasts of three private school buildings, in two of which schools are maintained. The other is idle. A public school building is in process of erection, which, when completed, will cost $4,000. There is not a graded public school in this (Coffee) county. The absence of instructions of learning of this kind is one of the main obstacles in the way of the advancement of the best interests of the state to-day.

The traveling public can find accommodations at five hotels. All branches of merchandise are fully represented.

The country in the immediate vicinity of this town is, in an agricultural point of view, of little interest. Soil thin and cold. Timber, principally oak and largely of the "Black Jack" variety, except along the streams where hickory, sweet gum, walnut, ash, linden and an occasional poplar may be seen. Farming is conducted on a small scale, and by poor methods. The cultivation of tame grass is almost entirely neglected, which fact alone shows that a bad system of agriculture prevails. Land is cheap and the water good. Labor is poorly paid here, both skilled and unskilled. We advise those seeking work to give this country a wide berth.

Politically, in Tullahoma, Democratic parties are about equally divided in Tullahoma, but in the country the Democratic party is largely in the ascendant—Southern Democracy, with all those words imply. This Congressional district, Richardson, the Democratic candidate for Congress in 1884, over 5,000 majority.

The powder smoke of the late war is scarcely gone from the atmosphere in this part of the country, and the frequent reflections where it can still be discerned by those coming here from localities in the direction of the north star, after they have been located long enough to have their eyes well opened. The immigrant should do well to this matter before he becomes permanently settled. Time has done much toward smoothing down the bitter asperities engendered by the cruel conflict, but not entirely as yet, by any means. The Confederate banner is furled, yet not forgotten. Some of the local prejudices once so violent have passed away, but not all. Yet, taking all things into account, the condition in this portion of our common country are pointing toward the not-far-distant day, when the watchword of all will be, "Peace on earth, good will toward man." Until that time arrives the motto of the immigrant should be, "Investigate well before you leap."

Salicylic Acid.

W. C., Auburn, Mich.:

1. What is salicylic acid? 2. Is it injurious to health in quantities used for preserving fruit, etc.? 3. How is it made?

1-2. Salicine is a crystallizable bitter substance contained in the leaves and young bark of the willow, poplar, and several other trees. Discovered by Leroux in 1830. It is prepared by boiling the bark in water, concentrating the decoction, digesting with oxide of lead, and precipitating the lead by sulphurretted hydrogen, which is necessary to remove. Important filtering and cooling. By treatment with animal charcoal and recrystallizing it may be obtained pure in small white silky needles, having an intensely bitter taste, and a feebly acid reaction. Salicylic acid is a product of salicine, carbolic acid, and other substances. Oil of wintergreen also yields, by distillation with potash, methyl alcohol and salicylic acid. The latter may also be obtained by passing dry carbon dioxide into warm phenol (carbolic acid), to which at the same time are added small pieces of sodium. The reaction forms sodium salicylate, from which salicylic acid may be obtained by the action of hydrochloric acid. It has a sweetish sour taste, and forms bitumin paper which does not affect on polarized light. It is very slightly soluble in cold, quite soluble in hot water, and still more in alcohol; and boiling oil of turpentine dissolves about one-fifth of its weight. The acid solution imparts a deep red color to ferric salts. When considerably diluted it is almost odorless and tasteless, and in modern quantities it has no poisonous effects. It prevents the souring of sweet milk, and is used by glue manufacturers to arrest putrefaction. It is a powerful anti-ferment, taking the place of carbolic acid or phenol as a dressing to wounds and ulcers, and as a general antiseptic.

The Panic of 1837.

O. K., Middleborough, N. Y.:

What is meant by the "sub-treasury scheme" of Mr. Van Buren?

When Van Buren took his seat as President, the business of the country was in the verge of a terrible convulsion and utter prostration. Early in May, 1837, a deputation from the merchants and bankers of New York waited upon the President and solicited him to defer the collection of the duties on imports due on the 1st of July, rescind the "specie circular," and to call an extra session of Congress to adopt relief measures. The President declined to act on their petitions. When his determination was made known, the banks in New York suspended specie payments, and their example was speedily followed in other cities. On May 16 the legislature of New York passed an act authorizing the suspension of specie payments, and it shrinks from the severe embarrassed the general government, and it was unable to obtain gold and silver to discharge its own obligations. The public good now demanded legislative relief, and an extraordinary session of Congress was convened September 4. During a session of 43 days, it did little for the general relief, except the passage of a bill authorizing the issue of treasury notes, not to exceed in amount $10,000,000. In his message to Congress at this session the President proposed the establishment of an independent treasury, for the safe keeping of the public funds, and their entire and total separation from banking institutions. This scheme was met with vehement opposition, but finally passed the Senate, but was lost in the House. It was debated at subsequent sessions, and finally became a law. This is known as the "sub-treasury scheme."

Miscellaneous.

A. R. S., Perry, N. Y.: Napoleon Bonaparte was born August 15, 1769.

There is a call for descriptive letters from Sioux and Cherry counties, Nebraska.

C. M. C., Litchfield, Ill.: See your member of Congress, or write to the adjutant general, Washington, D. C.

A. M. R., Hartland, Ill.: Oberlin college, O., was the first college in America to admit ladies to its privileges, in 1833.

J. P. R., Preston, O.: See the prosecuting attorney of your county about the matter. He no doubt has a copy of the law.

T. P., Novelty, Mo.:

Was Fred Douglass ever a member of Congress?

No.

Several correspondents ask the Bureau to publish poetry. The Bureau has given notice that it does not publish poetry for any one, so it is useless to make the requests.

L. J., Rapid City, D. T.:

Please give an account of the settlement near Pittsburg called Economites.

Cannot find anything about it.

A. H. L., Sacramento, Cal.: Miss Rose Cleveland, the President's sister, has charge of a Chicago society paper, we believe, but do not know where she makes her home.

E. M. B., (no postoffice): The Mexican war pension bill will probably come up at the next session of Congress. The usual appropriations were made for the White House this year.

O. T., Mt. Ayre, Kan.:

Please give a few of the old Connecticut blue laws, or tell me where I can get a copy of them.

Have been published. Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

D. N. S., Beaver, Dak.: The Arrears of Pension bill was passed at the third session of the 45th Congress, in June, 1878. The political complexion of the House then was Democrats 157, Republicans 136.

G. P. S., Edgar, Neb.:

Has the commissioner of pensions any right to say that pension claims shall be rejected where the law has been complied with?

No; but it is said that he advised the President to veto several private pension bills.

C. W., The Dales, Or.:

1. The Ku-Klux Southern states, before the rebellion, attempt to stop the delivery to subscribers of the New York *Tribune*? 2. Was it unlawful in any of the slave states to teach a slave to read?

1-2. Yes.

Reader, Manatawny, Pa.:

1. How many commissioners has Berks county? 2. Who is secretary of state of Pennsylvania? 3. Is a young man working for his father entitled to wages from the time he is of age?

1. Three, we think. 2. William S. Stenger. 3. Yes.

A correspondent says there was an error in the BLADE in regard to the provisions of the homestead law. The entry fee is $14, and at the end of five years, if the homesteader has made his home there, the land is his without any further cost. In pre-emption, the cost is $1.25 per acre. The BLADE does not believe the correspondent read the article very closely.

Reader, Holland, O.:

1. To whom would a person apply for an entry to government land? 2. Could a woman who is 22 years old get a deed of 160 acres of land if she would have a family settle on it, and not have to go there herself?

1. To the register of the land office of the district where the land is situated. 2. No.

Sub., Lincoln, O.: The Bureau cannot undertake to answer questions which will have to be settled in court. Consult a lawyer.

N. L. C., Gimlet, Ky.: There was no truth in the story you mention. A subscriber has no claims on a newspaper; if a communication is considered of general interest, it is published, otherwise it is thrown away.

G. E. P., Nokomis, Ill.:

What is the reason we call the mid-summer days dog days?

Because in the latitudes of the Mediterranean this period nearly corresponded with that in which the dog star rose at the same time with the sun.

R. L. R., Stanton, Ill.:

Where and to whom should I write for information concerning public schools in Idaho, Oregon and Washington territories?

Address Superintendents of Public Instruction, at the different capitals.

V. E. M., Golden City, Mo.:

1. Who laid the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument? 2. Who was the originator of the Erie canal? 3. Who wrote the Star Spangled Banner, and on what occasion was it composed?

1. Gen. Lafayette. Daniel Webster delivered the oration, both at the laying of the corner stone and at its completion. 2. De Witt Clinton. 3. Francis Scott Key. See answer to Dora, Oaktown, Ky., in Weekly BLADE of Sept. 16.

L. G. S., Nunica, Mich.: On September 8, 1860, the steamer Lady Elgin, conveying an excursion party from Chicago to Milwaukee, collided with the schooner Augusta when off Winnetka, about sixteen miles north of Chicago. Of the 385 on board, 287 were lost.

Reader, Iron Hill, Cal.

Please tell me the anniversaries of wedding days.

First anniversary, cotton; second, paper; third, leather; fifth, wooden; seventh, woolen; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk and fine linen; fifteenth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearl; fortieth, ruby; fiftieth, golden; seventy-fifth, diamond.

Sub., Hendrysbury, O.:

1. Please give a short biography of the famous violinist, Ole Bull. 2. Give meaning of the term "Auld lang syne," and by whom originated.

3. How was the Cutting case decided?

1. Was given not long ago. 2. Read Burns. 3. Cutting was discharged, and Sedgwick was sent over to "investigate." Read the news columns of the BLADE.

O. L. S., Cromwell, Iowa:

Please name the governors of Iowa from the time it was organized as a territory.

Territorial—Robert Lucas, John Chambers, James Clark. State—Ansel Briggs, Stephen Hempstead, James W. Grimes, Ralph P. Lowe, S. J. Kirkwood, Wm. M. Stone, Samuel Merrill, Cyrus C. Carpenter, Samuel J. Kirkwood, John H. Gear, Buren R. Sherman, Wm. Larrabee. A number of these served several terms.

F. W. R., Tangerine, Fla.:

How can I prevent knitting and sewing needles from rusting?

Nothing is equal to pure paraffine for preserving the polished surfaces of iron and steel from oxidation. The paraffine should be warmed, rubbed on, and then wiped off with a wooden rag. Rust may be removed from steel by immersing the article in kerosene oil for a few days.

S. E. W., Gilbert's Mills, N. Y.:

Please give the names of all the metals.

Gold, silver, mercury, copper, lead, tin, iron, bismuth, antimony, zinc, arsenic, nickel, platinum, cobalt, manganese, molybdenum, tungsten, titanium, yttrium, chromium, tellurium, niobium, tantalum, palladium, osmium, cerium, iridium, rhodium, potassium, sodium, barium, strontium, calcium, lithium, caadmium, zirconium, aluminum, glucinum, thorium, magnesium, vanadium, lanthanum, uranium, didymium, erbium, ruthenium, rubidium, cæsium, thallium, indium.

W. H. H., Creston, Ia.:

1. Will you please republish the recipe for purifying wood? 2. How would a letter have to be addressed to reach the New York state geologist?

1. Take equal quantities of gem-salt, rock-alum, white vinegar, chalk and pebbles, powdered. Mix all these ingredients; ebullition will ensue. After it has ceased, throw some wooden objects into this liquid, and let them soak for four or five days, at the end of which time they will be transformed into petrifactions.

2. Write to James E. Morrison, Albany.

Sub., Plainville, Kan.:

Please give number of each Republicans and Democrats who did service for the Union in the war of 1861-65. Are there no statistics as to which party furnished the greater number of soldiers in the Union army?

The only way to estimate this, so far as we know, is to give the army vote for Lincoln and McClellan, which has been given several times. Of the army vote returned was as follows: Lincoln, 119,754; McClellan, 34,290. Fourteen states allowed their soldiers to vote in the field, but the vote of the Minnesota soldiers were either lost or destroyed; and as the vote of New York soldiers were sent sealed, to be cast by their friends, no one knows how they voted.

W. C. W., Westerville, O.:

1. How long did the United States exist as a nation prior to the adoption of the constitution? 2. What is the duty of United States Senators and Representatives?

1. From July 4, 1776, to July 14, 1788, when the question of carrying the new government into effect over the thirteen states was considered by the Continental Congress to a committee. The time for the new Congress to open its session was to be March 4, 1789, and the place was to be New York. The choice of the electors was to be on the first Wednesday in January, 1789, and the voting of the electors was to be on the first Wednesday in February, 1789. The electoral college met and George Washington President and John Adams Vice-President. Only ten states voted. 2. Five thousand a year and 20 cents per mile of travel each annual session, to and from Washington, and $125 for stationery and newspapers.

Traveler, Knoxville, Ill.:

1. Please tell us all you know about the Man with the Iron Mask. 2. I have stated that there has been more money paid out for pensions during the last year than there was during the last year of Republican administration. Is this so? 3. Is there much call for young men on the traveling business?

1. He was a state prisoner of France in the reign of Louis XIV., who died in the Bastille November 19, 1703. The records show that he was committed September 18, 1698, having been brought thither from the Island of Ste. Marguerite by Saint-Mars, who exchanged in that year the governorship of the state prison there for that of the Bastille. It has never been satisfactorily determined who this mysterious prisoner was, though columns have been written on the subject. It has been asserted that in 1691 the mask was spoken of as a prisoner of 20 years' standing, and said to be the Chevalier de Rifflenbach, charged with complicity in a plot to murder the King. 2. It may be true, as there are more pensioners on the rolls, and pensions have been increased in some cases. 3. There does not appear to be any pressing demand at present.

A. P., Ottumwa, Ia.:

Please publish how to prepare and apply jet black japan to metal, so that it will have a good lustre and be durable.

To make black japan varnish, melt together 50 pounds Naples asphaltum and eight pounds dark gum amine, and boil for two hours in 12 gallons linseed oil; then melt 10 pounds dark gum amber, and boil it with two gallons linseed oil; add this to the other, with a sufficient quantity of dryers, and boil for two hours longer, or until a little of the mass, when cooled, may be rolled into pills; then thin down with 50 gallons of turpentine. This is excellent for either wood or metals. To prepare metal for japanning requires no other preparation than cleansing with turpentine, to free it from grease or oil, unless the latter should happen to be linseed oil, in which case the cleaning is generally dispensed with, and the articles are placed in the stove and heated until the oil is baked quite hard. The only difference between varnishing and japanning is that after the application of every coat of color or varnish, the object so varnished is placed in an oven or chamber of a heat as high as temperature as can safely be employed without injuring the articles or causing the varnish to blister or run.

Sub., Etna, Minn.:

Please give a description of the gasses oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon.

The air or atmosphere which surrounds the earth is a mixture of 77 parts by weight (or 79.19 parts by measure) of nitrogen, and 23 parts by weight (or 20.81 by measure) of oxygen. It usually contains also a variable amount of moisture, a very small proportion of carbonic acid, a trace of ammonia, and sometimes of carburetted hydrogen; these last are found incidentally in the air, in a variable degree. It is the standard in the comparative or specific gravity of gaseous bodies. We cannot, since the space to hold, describe the properties of these gasses. A simple method of ascertaining the presence of impurity (carbonic acid) in the atmosphere, is to nearly fill a glass bottle or tumbler with water, and to place it in any convenient position, as on the mantle piece of a room. The rapidity with which a pellicle forms on its surface, or the water becomes cloudy, corresponds to the amount of carbonic acid present in the atmosphere that surrounds it. A little moist carbonate of lead put on a plate or saucer, and exposed in the same way, will turn black, should any sulphurretted hydrogen be contained in the air. This is a very delicate test for that destructive gas.

G. L. R., Dighton, Kan.:

Please give method of silvering mirrors, so it could be done outside a factory.

Mix 90 parts by measure of a solution of Rochelle salts at 1.50 specific gravity with 900 parts distilled pater, and boil them in a flask; drop in carefully 20 parts of a solution of nitrate of silver, specific gravity 1.1, and boil again. This solution can be bottled and kept for any length of time. Another fluid has to be prepared by adding ammonia to a solution of nitrate of silver, specific gravity 1.1, and carefully dissolving filtering and diluting one part of it with 100 parts of water. For use, put equal parts of the two preparations in a suitable vessel, clean the glass very carefully, and rock in the mixture until sufficiently coated. The coating of silver should be protected with a coat of lac varnish. As the success of the silvering process depends greatly on the glass surface being made chemically clean previous to immersion in the bath, the utmost pains must be taken to accomplish this object. The surface is first covered with thick writing cream, free from grit, which, when dry, is rubbed off with the purest cotton wool. The surface is then wetted entirely with dilute nitric acid, and afterwards thoroughly washed with distilled water poured over it; and, last of all, the piece of coated glass is suspended in a flat vessel containing distilled water, where it remains until the bath is ready to receive it.

Don't Hawk! Spit, Cough.

suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sages "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless infliction of your loathsome disease?

DOWN IN ATLANTA.

How Prohibition Works There—An Interesting Sketch of the City and of the Condition of Things Since Prohibition Went Into Effect.

ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 3.—(Special.)—Near the geographical center of the north half of this, the Empire state of the South, among the foot hills of the Chattahoochie mountains, and a few miles distant from the river of the same name, lies the city of Atlanta. It is the largest inland city of the South, and the most important railway center. Through it pass all the important lines of the road, except the "Coast Line," over which the multitudes of travelers pass from North to South and South to North. Very appropriately is it called the gateway of the South, or "Gate City." It has a busy, bustling, driving population of nearly 60,000, collected from all parts of the United States, with a small percentage from foreign countries. Like many of our western towns, the question "Where did you come from" is appropriate, because so large a per cent. are not natives, but have been attracted here by the mild and healthful climate, and other natural advantages. John C. Calhoun, long years ago, when this was but a cross-roads village, pointed out this spot as the place where one day must stand an important commercial city, and in answer to that prophecy Atlanta is here, and is trying to fill up the full measure of her destiny. Her people are intelligent, enterprising, high-minded, warm-hearted and companionable; her sons are chivalrous, her daughters chaste and fair. Religiously, her people are Puritanical in the best and highest sense of the word. Her churches are well filled and well sustained, and her pulpits well supplied with able, God-fearing, brainy men. All denominations appear to be in harmonious accord, and work side by side in the advancements of all moral reforms and in all truthfulness I can add that I never saw a city where the influence of the church was so manifest in every way as this. Throughout state and city the offices are largely filled by earnest devout representative Christian men. Many of the police officers are active earnest church and Sabbath school workers.

Atlanta has a history with which many are familiar, and to this day many a heart ache is produced by the memories of the name on account of the loved ones who laid down their lives in battle there. As it is now and must ever be the gateway of commerce to the South, so to it was the gateway through which the conquering armies of the Union must pass in putting down the rebellion. Here were fought the hardest battles, and the rebellion and the Confederacy died. When Sherman started on his march to the sea. No city in all the South suffered more than this. Indeed it may be said that Atlanta of to-day has but little connection with Atlanta of antebellum days except identity of its location and its sacred recollections. When Sherman left it, he left but a smoking, smouldering ruin. Such are the features of war. It was here the brave McPherson fell and at the spot where he died stands an old cannon which we call "McPherson's Monument." After the war was ended and peace was again declared, some of the former citizens having faith in Atlanta returned to their now desolate homes and began at once as they could to build again the places made waste by the war. How they have succeeded the Atlanta of to day can answer.

I have said that in religion and on questions of moral reform Atlanta, indeed the whole state is aggressive, the people have the courage of their convictions, and questions of mere expediency are not weighed against questions of right. In this abiding faith that right cannot be wrong—they have taken hold of and grappled with the great question of the abolition of the whisky traffic and have pushed it to the wall, so that this once great and powerful giant of evil is no longer king, but a crouching criminal hiding from the faces of men.

The history of this reform in this state would be both interesting and profitable, but it is my desire to deal rather with results than with its history since the latter is familiar to most newspaper readers.

Before the people of this city and county entered upon this great campaign more than a hundred counties in the state had adopted prohibitory laws under special enabling acts, and had demonstrated the fact of its local and general beneficial effects wherever it prevailed.

But no one of these counties contained within their limits a city as large as Atlanta, and while it was very generally admitted that these counties and small towns had prospered under the reign of total prohibition, it was claimed that the conditions necessary for the continued growth and prosperity of large cities was essentially different from small towns; that here the whisky interest formed so large a part of our trade, and was so closely and intimately connected with all our commercial interests, that it could be ruthless to stop or interfere with it. Here the friends of Prohibition had to step out in simple faith in the underlying principles of right on which they felt their cause was founded. They had no modern city of equal size that they could point to as a precedent, and they could not logically believe that mere expediency should be substituted for principles of right. It was said that not only would our commerce be driven away, but that real estate would greatly depreciate, rents be reduced, no labor for the laboring man, and lastly the school fund being deprived of its part of the license fund this business now supplied public schools must dwindle and die. In short the whisky men would have made us believe that the whole fabric of society, commerce, education and even the church itself was resting on a demijohn for its foundation stone.

But so long as it remains a fact that figs do not grow on thistles, or grapes on brambles, so long shall we fail to gather the blessings of civilized, Christianized and educated society from the whisky traffic. Poisoned fountains cannot send forth pure waters. But the campaign passed with its prophesies of evil on the one side and its high hopes on the other. The people said the whisky traffic must go, then all eyes turned to the future. Months must pass before this new law could be put in operation. Licenses under the old law were held by all dealers not to expire until July 1, 1886. Well, this enabled the saloon men to dispose of their goods and adjust themselves to the new order of things without loss. At last July came, and from that day on I trust Atlanta is to be forever free from the Rum power. More than 100 free from the Rum power. More than 100 breweries, wine, beer, wine and whisky had been sold, closed on the last night of June to be opened no more for the same purpose.

What will be the result? What will these men do? Are these stores to remain empty and their owners and bar-tenders idlers? Thus the money invested, and their patrons, will it be withdrawn from circulations and be seen no more? Let facts answer. To day more than two-thirds of these rooms are occupied with other and more legitimate lines of goods in many instances by the former saloon men, and trade goes right on.

Where is the great army of idle men thrown out of employment? They are not to be found. The wholesale trade of this city never was better, and for the last year of the reign of King Alcohol it was not so good as now. More houses have been begun and finished up to this time this year than last, and of a better grade of building. The public schools are not ruined but on the other hand new buildings and more buildings are to be built and new furniture added. These grand institutions of our city in which is centered the hope of the future of our country do not rest upon a white fog. Business which is the resultant product of a combination of brain and money and muscle, does not depend upon that which directly destroys all its component elements, as whisky does.

But there is a line of business upon which prohibition has had a decidedly depressing effect, and that is upon Police court business. On July 4, 1885, in this city there were 24 arrests for drunkenness by our police; on the corresponding day of this year there were only four arrests for the same cause—only one-sixth of the number of one year ago! Where have the other five-sixths gone? The closed door of the saloon has saved them.

And I assert right here that nine-tenths of all the whisky cases before our courts since the 1st of July have arisen in consequence of efforts to evade this law. No man can be called a good citizen who refuses obedience to good laws, and the man who attempts to sell liquor in this city is not a loyal citizen of Georgia, and yet it is these violators of law who cause all the trouble we have and who cry the loudest that prohibitory laws cannot be enforced. But these people constitute but a small part of the population, and the will of the people cannot be thwarted by them, and in Atlanta, this law can and will be enforced.

There is another and more important view to be taken of this matter, and that is the influence on the home life of our citizens. Substitute sober husbands and their owners and bar-tenders idlers? Thus the money invested, and their patrons, will it be withdrawn from circulations and be seen no more? Let facts answer. To day more than two-thirds of these rooms are occupied with other and more legitimate lines of goods in many instances by the former saloon men, and trade goes right on.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The trade reports from all parts of the country show the second phase of the rapid course of a business revival—a general upward tendency in the prices of all kinds of merchandise. An immense distribution of all kinds of goods is going on; payments are prompt, and collections easier than they have been for a long time. All signs, in fact, point to a healthy and comparatively permanent revival of business prosperity in the United States. During the past four months the railroad earnings of the country have been steadily pointing in the direction of better times. Both in the amount of increase and in the small number of roads that form an exception to the rule of increase, the August exhibit is by far the best of the year. Seventy-three roads show an increase for August of $3,749,245.

THERE is but little that is new to record regarding the crops. There is a tendency of all calculators toward shorter corn estimates not because of any damage, but because the conditions are supposed to be more correctly understood. Probably it would be a fair compromise to set 1,400,000,000 bushels as the probable yield. The ground of dissent on the part of the trade is the fact that the five great producing states which ordinarily furnished about half the crop have been the special scene of more serious and protracted drouth than has been known since the summer of 1881, when the crop was reduced to slightly less than 1,200,000,000 bushels; but in that year, while the loss was relatively heavy in the principal grain states, the yield of all sections was seriously diminished. Whether a margin of 200,000,000 bushels fairly represents the difference in the aggregate yield of the smaller grain states is a matter which for some considerable time will be open to conjecture; and as to this, it may be said that the yield is everywhere more or less under average except in the central group of about four states. The aggregate cotton crop will probably yield 6,000,000 bales, if the autumn be reasonably favorable. Tobacco, sugar and rice all will give full crops. The Vienna international grain congress concludes that the world's supply of wheat is about 120,000,000 bushels less than the average, which means that there will be the largest demand for American wheat known since 1880.

THE Women's National Temperance union has drawn up a petition to Congress urging that, in view of the alarming increase of assaults upon women and young girls, the legal age of consent be raised, as is proposed in the bill now before the Senate, to 18 years. There are 200,000 women, representing every state and territory, now enrolled in the union.

IT is rumored that the Treasury department is to be reorganized by kicking out all Republicans and putting active Democrats in their places. Civil service reform?

THE Bartholdi statue of Liberty is rapidly approaching completion, and October 28 has been fixed upon as the day of dedication. Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS will make the presentation address. Pres. CLEVELAND will accept it, and Hon. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS will deliver the oration.

THE more we hear from Maine, the better the news becomes. The latest returns show a solid increase over the estimate based on the early figures received, and indicate that BODWELL will have a plurality of fully 14,000. The victory is an important one in every way for the Republican party. With the exception of the presidential years of 1872, 1876 and 1884, Mr. BODWELL'S plurality of 14,000 has not been equalled in twenty years.

GARCELON, the principal in the great steal and count-out in 1879-80 in Maine, was snowed under the Congressional race, his Republican opponent having a majority of nearly 7,000.

THE case of NEWMANDER vs. MCBRIDE will come up in court at Columbus on Monday, September 27, for hearing.

THE Prohibitionists of Texas have denounced the Democrats "for nominating a saloon stump speaker for governor of a Christian people." The announcement that the Texans are a Christian people is above worth the cost of the Prohibition campaign.

THE Democratic state ticket in Missouri is made up entirely of ex-rebel soldiers, while the Republican ticket is similarly composed of ex-Federals.

LARGE quantities of new $1 notes are being daily destroyed at the Treasury department with a view of getting all the greenbacks of that denomination out of circulation and forcing the silver dollar into use. The plates and the paper are ready for printing the newly authorized $1 and $2 silver certificates, but they will not be printed and issued until the middle of November. Treasury officials say the delay is for the purpose of forcing some of the surplus silver out of the treasury. Treas. JORDAN says his object is to carry out the policy of the secretary and gather in all of the small notes which are redeemable in gold, so as to make way for the silver certificates, which are redeemable in silver.

ACTING Secretary of the Treasury FAIRCHILD has found it necessary to warn all the officials subject to that department that the President's order of July 14, 1886, "is to be duly respected." The circular will be sent to the 14,000 officials in the customs and revenue service. The heads of all the other departments, it is said, will also issue a cautionary order.

IT is proposed to hold a reunion at Perryville of those who took part in the battle at that place October 8, 1862, between the rebel forces under Gen. BRAGG and the Union army under Gen. BUELL. Those desiring information in regard to the reunion should address Capt. GEORGE H. DOBYNS, at Danville, Ky.

NEAL DOW, speaking of the visit of St. JOHN to Maine, said: "I happen to know how much St. JOHN gets paid, because I contributed to it myself more than I wanted to. He gets $50 a night. He refused to speak at Augusta and Bangor because they couldn't raise the money to pay him."

THE government has taken the Warm Springs and Chiricahua Indians of the San Carlos reservation in Arizona, 460 in all, to Florida, where they will be placed on a reservation. This will preclude all chance of further danger from these red rascals.

BRAGG, of Wisconsin, the gentleman who declared at the Chicago Democratic national convention of 1884 that he "loved CLEVELAND for the enemies he had made," has been defeated for a Congressional renomination. He mortgaged the patronage of his district to gain his election to the forty-ninth Congress. The exposure of his little game caused the people to repudiate him.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *World* lashes the Democratic Congressmen and heads of departments for the spread of nepotism in the public service. The son of Second Assistant Secretary of the Treasury THOMPSON secured a place under the civil service rules—but how? In his application he filled out the necessary blank, and wrote that he was the son of the ex-governor of South Carolina. Result—he was appointed over the heads of some 60 applicants who had successfully passed the examination, and preceded him on the lists as being eligible to appointment. The sons of seventeen United States Senators and sixty-seven Representatives are borne on the government rolls. Sec. LAMAR has a son who occupies the place of private secretary. Commissioner of Patents MONTGOMERY has a brother for his private secretary. A son of Gen. GORDON, of Georgia, fills a chair in the general land office. The Democratic brethren who filled the land with wailing during GRANT'S administrations, with the cry of "nepotism," are respectfully requested to consider the above cases. It is a worse state of affairs than ever existed before, much as the Republicans were berated for this sort of thing.

THIS week the debate upon the Land bill of Mr. PARNELL takes place and its progress will be watched with the greatest interest upon both sides of the water. His first demand of a stay of proceedings against all tenants who have paid half the total amount of arrears and the current year's rent, and have satisfied the Land Commission of their inability to pay the rest, will probably be well supported in the House, but the second, designed to bring the leaseholders under the land act of 1881, which is decidedly condemned by Mr. GLADSTONE, will cause strong controversy. It is thought probable that the ex-Premier will give his support to those clauses which are to protect the poverty-stricken tenants against evictions, but not to the others. The outlook for the bill is not, however, hopeful. The country has already refused to sanction the principles contained therein, and therefore it is not likely that Parliament will do what the people have denied at the polls.

ANOTHER thing which adds to the interest with which this bill is regarded, is the fact that it is the first attempt of Mr. PARNELL to shape any definite legislation for bettering the lot of the Irish tenant. Hitherto his only aim has been to secure Home Rule absolutely, and anything short of that he would not listen to, or give it support. Now, however, he has put forward the positive measures outlined above which are undoubtedly crude and imperfect, but which the Conservatives have hastened to declare made up a gigantic scheme of repudiation. The probability is that Mr. PARNELL does not expect the bill to pass, but designs in this way to place the Tory government on record as absolutely refusing to do anything to relieve the Irish people in the matter of evictions. At any rate he desires to bring the matter to a vote at once, as immediately upon his return to the House, obstruction was stopped and the business allowed to proceed.

NEXT to the Parnell measure, the great matter in English politics which is considered of importance is the announcement by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, of the intention of the government to give a large measure of local government to Ireland as well as to the rest of the United Kingdom. This announcement is looked upon in various ways by the different parties. The Liberals believe it to mean a measure of Home Rule. But the Irish members looked upon it as an effort to induce them to stop obstruction in the way of supply bills. It is very difficult to judge what is comprehended in his words, or what is intended. Probably it means the placing of local taxation in Ireland under Irish control. Even should it be so, it will have no effect so far as stopping the agitation for Home Rule. It is evident now that this will never cease until it is an accomplished fact, and the sooner the truth is recognized the better.

THE outcome of Bulgarian matters is yet difficult to foresee. By many it is supposed that the Great Assembly will re-elect Prince ALEXANDER, in which case Russia will be certain to interfere, as she is determined that he shall not return to the country. Against the probability of his re-election is the fact that the Bulgarian Parliament, after long deliberation, voted an address of fealty to the Czar. It is possible, however, that the people may express their wishes so emphatically in the election of the members of the Great Assembly who are to choose ALEXANDER'S successor, that he will finally be called back. Should Russia take any steps to prevent his return under such circumstances, Austria is likely to interfere whether Germany does or not, in which case she will, doubtless, be assisted by England. Everything now rests upon the action of the Great Assembly. Meanwhile Russia is proceeding with her warlike preparations and will be in a good condition for a struggle should it come.

THE Russians are moving rapidly forward with their railway progress into Turkestan. They have completed the bridge across the Murghab river which now permits them to run trains 744 miles from the western terminus upon the Caspian. When the bridge is built over the Oxus, they can enter by rail into Bokhara, "the ancient seat of Mohammedan learning, into Samareand, the capitol of Tamerlane, and finally into Tashkend, the commercial metropolis of modern Turkestan." What a change a few years has wrought in the opening up of these countries to modern civilization.

RUSSIA, it is said, is determined to drive all Jews out of the country. In some of the provinces where the public offices have been for some time closed against them, they are now trying to shut them out from all other occupations. Orders have been issued to the lawyers to dismiss all Jewish clerks, and they are to be extended to the southwest provinces, where the Jews are very numerous. The object seems to be to establish a unity of faith throughout Russia, and this can only be done by first banishing this obnoxious people, who cannot be made proselytes to any other religion.

A LARGE lake was formed in Cuba by the subsidence of an extensive tract of land, and the sudden opening of numerous new springs at the same time that an earthquake was devastating Charleston. Both probably resulted from the same subterranean disturbances.

QUITE a serious revolt, which might have ended in a revolution had it not been quickly suppressed, broke out among the troops in Madrid, Spain, on Sunday. Three regiments left their quarters, and marching through the streets, shouted, "Long live the Republic." The citizens were terribly alarmed, and the excitement almost became a panic. The insurgents were finally put to flight by a body of loyalist troops, after some fighting. Martial law was proclaimed, and every precaution taken to prevent another outbreak.

THE cholera epidemic this year in Italy has been terrible. Since it commenced, there have been 45,000 cases and 14,000 deaths.

FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS OF SLAVERY.

There are long periods during which the moral sense of humanity seems to sleep with regard to some particular question. The traffic in the bodies of men came to this nation by inheritance. It was a relic of the Dark Ages, a survival of a state of society whose era had long closed. There were men in the nation who saw it in its true light, and they indignantly declaimed against it and strove to rouse the people to a sense of its monstrous iniquity. But their fervid denunciations fell upon unheeding ears. Men were engrossed in business; they had no time to pause in the mad rush for wealth, for fame, for pleasure, to listen to the arguments of the apostles of liberty. The prevailing sentiment of the people of the free states seemed to be that slavery was very probably a monstrous wrong, but it was no particular concern of theirs. The South had slavery; we wanted none of it, but it was hardly proper for us to attempt to overthrow it where it already existed. There was, in fact, no real opposition to the slave power until it arrogantly attempted to extend the "peculiar institution" into the territories and convert those embryo commonwealths into future slave states. Then men began to be aroused to the overshadowing danger. Slavery gave birth to the pernicious "state rights" doctrine, and slave-holding was claimed as a constitutional right. The people saw that it was necessary to act, or the nation would be dominated by the section which supported slavery.

From that time the struggle began. The lethargy of decades was thrown off; the indignant eloquence of the anti-slavery orators no longer fell on dull and unhearing ears. The nation was aroused, and the issue was made over the extension of slavery into the territories. Few, if any of the men foremost in that struggle could see its logical result—that it must end in either making the Union all slave or all free; for if the right to hold slaves in the territories were conceded, the right to hold them in the free states could not be withheld; or if the battle in the territories went the other way, the friends of free soil would never stop until slavery was wiped out. Though the struggle then seemed doubtful, a retrospective glance shows that it could have but one ending; for on the side of freedom were arrayed all the moral forces of civilization, while slavery was but a relic of a barbarous past. It was doomed from the time that its advocates raised the question of its extension into the territories; for that demand raised the apparently dead conscience of the North to life, and brought into play moral forces that seemed hopelessly dormant.

We have before alluded to the parallel that exists between the anti-slavery struggle and the prohibition effort. Not the false and misleading parallel that the third-party men seek to draw. The overthrow of slavery was not because of the labors of the leaders of the old "Liberty" party; not because of the work of the abolitionists. It was because of the arrogance of the slave power itself. The abolitionists preached and declaimed against the sin of slavery, but their words did no good. They did not rouse the North to its extermination. But the freemen of the strong Northland rose as one man to resist the arrogance of the slave power when it reached out its hand to make itself supreme and perpetual by aiming to erect new slave states out of the territories, and thus obtain a sure controlling power in the halls of Congress.

In the struggle with the Rum Power, the third-party Prohibitionists are playing the same role as those anti-slavery leaders of two generations ago who declaimed against the constitution of the United States as "a league with death and a covenant with hell," because it impliedly recognized slavery as an institution, and who sang

"Pull down the starry flag!
Tear down the flaunting lie!"

Because that flag waved over a nation in which slavery was permitted. They are not the ones who will finally overthrow the Rum Power. That overthrow will be by the people, and it will be because of the arrogance of the men who grow rich out of the profits of this iniquitous traffic—profits wrung from the pockets of the poor, profits that are wrongfully taken from pale-faced wives and mothers and their ragged, hungry children.

The true parallel between the slavery struggle and the battle against the Rum Power is found in the fact that both pursued the same path, or rather that the Rum Power is following precisely the same course which led the slave power to ruin and overthrow. Like slavery, the Rum Power claims to be above and beyond the power of the people to control or check it. Like its prototype, the Rum Power brands as fanatics and fools the men who raise their voices against its merciless oppression. Like it, the Rum Power seeks to make its power impregnable by entering politics and grasping the control of caucuses, conventions and elections. Like it, the Rum advocates ostracise every man who honorably seeks the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, if he does not bow the knee to the Rum Baal, and give his allegiance thereto.

Step by step the two agitations, thirty years apart in point of time, have gone through exactly the same phases. We have reached this year the same point that the former struggle had reached in 1854-5-6, during the days of the Kansas Nebraska struggle. The Prohibition victories in Georgia, in Iowa, in Kansas, in Rhode Island, have their prototype in the close of that fierce combat which ended in the triumph of freedom in the two territories. We are now at the same point in this second battle with Wrong that we were when the power of the North proved mightier than that of the South, and set a bound beyond which slavery should not come.

The public temper is aroused now as it was then. Men who never gave the matter of Prohibition much thought are now intently considering it. Men who never heeded who drank or who did not are now deeply pondering the problem presented by the Rum Power, which holds a portion of the people of the nation in chains, and cries out that liberty is imperiled if one shall say that its efforts to enslave the rising generation are interfered with in any way. It declares that the constitution of the United States would be infringed were the right of a man to make a slave, a brute, a pauper, a madman of himself abridged by decreeing that the poison which would reduce him to this shall be no longer made or sold. In every way the Rum Power is following the footsteps marked out by the slave power thirty years ago.

What man would have dreamed, in the year 1856, the year the Republican party first appeared in a national contest, that yet seven years and every slave should be free? Yet it was so. Who is there who would believe that the Rum Power will be overthrown in seven years more? Yet it is possible that it will be. There is a general wakening of the moral sense of the people. They are alarmed at the growing power of Rum. They are coming to see that there is but one thing that will be effectual, and that one thing is to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* was right when it said "the Republican party is on the run." The result in Maine showed that it is on the run, with fixed bayonets, charging the Bourbon ranks—and that the latter considerately got out of the way with examplary haste, to allow the aforesaid Republicans to "get there."

THE ANTI-SALOON REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The first national conference of the anti-saloon Republicans was held at Chicago Thursday, with about 200 delegates in attendance from Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Indiana, Maine, Vermont, New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New Hampshire. Sen. BLAIR, of New Hampshire, was temporary chairman, and ex-Sen. WINDOM, of Minnesota, was chosen permanent chairman. The delegates were representative Republicans, and not a few of them were men of national reputation in the councils of the party.

Mr. WINDOM'S remarks on taking the chair were admirable, and took ground which every man, Republican or Democrat, who is opposed to the influence of the saloon in politics, can honestly and honorably occupy. We reproduce the leading portion of his remarks:

We are here as true and loyal Republicans, desiring to secure through that party what we believe will prove a great good to the American people. I think that none of you who bears me in any idea of starting a new party. The old party that dignified labor, saved the republic in war and protected it in peace, and advanced it to the first rank among the nations of the earth, is good enough for us. Its magnificent courage, its sublime self-sacrifice, are sufficient guaranty to us that since this new issue has been presented to it it will grapple with it as it has with other issues in the past. The party did not shrink from duty in the past and it will not in the future.

We are here only as Republicans who do not believe in the saloons of this country continuing to rule us. We don't intend to dictate any course of action, but we want to bring what influence we can to bear on the party to take the step it must some time take in this question. The liquor party has gone into politics and has called upon the voters to meet it in battle or submit to it. Circulars have been issued in my state proclaiming that no man shall be voted for who will not bow down and worship this Moloch from the infernal regions. It is a very grave issue.

The saloon waste of this country exceeds every other waste. I stop not to speak of the 600,000 lives that are sacrificed annually at the altars erected everywhere throughout our land, nor of the 600,000 more that are hurrying to drunkards' graves. I only consider the taxes imposed through criminal trials, jails and almshouses by this traffic. This tax falls directly upon the poor, who are least able to bear it. If an earthquake should to-night swallow up the $1,000,000,000 said to be invested in liquor interests the country would gain thereby. The saloon is the ally of anarchy. It strikes its direst blows at our homes, and is the only interest that has dared to openly announce that it controls our elections by corrupt influences.

The committee on resolutions was in session nearly all the afternoon. Their report contains eight articles, and will be found in full in our news columns. The first resolution arraigns the liquor traffic, and specially charges that its avowed purpose, to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare, deserving public condemnation. The second declares war against the saloon, and defines the duty of the government to restrict and control it, with the ultimate purpose of extinguishing it. The third declares it the duty of the national government to prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor in the territories and in the District of Columbia.

The fourth resolution is one of the most important of the series. It takes the ground, in effect, that the question of dealing with the liquor traffic belongs to the people of the several states; declares that they should be allowed to decide whether it shall be prohibited, by the submission of constitutional amendments; and favors the passage of local option laws, giving the communities where a majority of the votes are opposed to the traffic the right to prohibit it within their boundaries. The BLADE has always taken the ground that the right of petition, secured to the people by the national constitution, means something; that where any considerable number of the citizens of a state petition the legislature for an opportunity to vote upon a change in the organic law of the state, no matter what it may be—whether a prohibitory amendment, or a change in the judicial machinery, or a modification of the clause regarding township officers—the legislature is bound to afford an opportunity to vote upon such question, whatsoever it may be; that this function is more ministerial than legislative, and that a member is in duty bound, by his vote, to allow the people to exercise the right to change the constitution, whether he personally favors such proposed alteration or not; and that for him to fail to do so is to deny the people a privilege which is clearly theirs.

The fifth resolution is also important, in that it recognizes the fact that as much of the burden of taxation is made necessary by the saloon, in order to support the courts, prisons and poor-houses, that it is but just that, where the saloon business exists, a large annual tax should be levied upon them, and that they should be made responsible for all injury, public or private, resulting from the liquor traffic. This is probably the one point that will be the object of the most furious attack by the third-party Prohibitionists. They are unable to see that taxation is a step in the direction of prohibition, as it is a restriction upon the saloons. It wipes out the dirty little dives and corner doggeries which are the most harmful because they are the most potent in leading boys and young men to contract the Rum habit. To oppose taxation of the traffic is as sensible as would be the conduct of a man whose house was on fire, were he to object to any one trying to check the spread of the flames by the use of water in buckets, and declare that they must wait until the engines arrive.

The sixth resolution pledges the Republican party to faithfully enforce all legislation for the restriction or suppression of the liquor traffic. The seventh approves of instruction in the public schools of the physiological effects of alcohol, and recommends the enactment of laws for that purpose in every state. The eighth demands that the Republican party take a firm and decided stand as "the friend of the home and the enemy of the saloon," and pledges the members of the conference to work toward the end of having the party take such ground. It also calls upon the friends of temperance everywhere to unite in the work.

The conference has builded better than it knew. It has disappointed the hopes of its enemies in both the third-party and the liquor camps. The third party Prohibitionists predicted and hoped that the conference "would be captured by the politicians," while the liquor men hoped that it would attempt to carry the Republican party bodily over into the Prohibition camp. The conference did neither. It declares against the rum traffic and the saloon as factors in politics; arrays itself against both on this account; declares in favor of allowing the people of a state the opportunity of settling this question for themselves, and in favor of local option. It did a good day's work, and its meeting marks an era in the struggle against Rum and in the history of the Republican party. Time will do the rest.

THERE have been nearly $250,000,000 coined in standard dollars since the Blair act was passed, and this enormous total is being added to at the rate of some $2,500,000 per month. It is now some $3,000,000 in excess of the total of gold coin and bullion held in the treasury. The time is rapidly coming when our financial system will have a most tremendous strain put upon it in consequence of the preponderance of the less valuable of two kinds of dollars of the same face value.

SEC. WINDOM expressed exactly the sentiment of every temperance Republican when he said, in his address at the anti-saloon Republican conference:

We do not mean to dictate to the Republican party; we are here simply for consultation. We meet to encourage it to take hold of this question, which it surely will have to do, and the sooner the better.

THE ETHICS OF THE STAGE.

The New York dailies, and the telegraphic columns of the daily press everywhere, have teemed with articles concerning the wedding of Mr. GEORGE GOULD, the son of the hundred-millionaire JAY GOULD, and Miss EDITH KINGDON, late a member of DALY'S theatrical company. There are reasons for devoting so much space to the extremely common event of a marriage, in this instance—first, because young GOULD is the son of a wealthy man; and second, because Miss KINGDON is an actress and a very pretty woman. Money, beauty and stage life are three topics that somehow are of much interest to a very large number of people, and newspapers but cater to the disposition of their patrons in devoting space to this event.

It seems strange to a thinking person to read in the voluminous accounts published of this affair, that "no scandal has ever floated in the theatrical world concerning Miss KINGDON, unless the devotions of GEORGE GOULD were construed as those of a gallant who did not mean marriage;" that "she was always accompanied to and from the theater by her mother," and much more of the same sort, obviously intended to assure the public that the bride is an honest woman. But how would it sound if assurances of the bride's integrity were included in local press notices of prominent society weddings—here in Toledo, for instance? It goes without saying that it would be a gross insult. The papers have hardly gotten through with the hasty wedding of JAMES G. BLAINE, jr., and Miss MARIE NEVINS; but in all the comments made upon the latter event there was not one word concerning the bride's character. Why is no public assurance needed in the one case, while apparently deemed necessary in the other?

Simply and entirely because Miss KINGDON was a member of the theatrical profession. For a lady to adopt a theatrical career is equivalent, in the minds of a great many people, to a deliberate throwing away of her character. In fact, the newspapers seem to adopt the theory that all actresses are to be classed as immoral unless their virtue is specially vouched for, as in the case we are considering. This is a severe, and sometimes unjust, ruling. But it arises from the conduct of the members of the theatrical profession themselves. There is a very large proportion of them who are notoriously indifferent to public opinion, and indeed defiant of those more important clauses of the social compact which men have been compelled to put into the form of legal enactment, with penalties for their violation.

It is a public scandal that theatrical marriages and divorces are not regarded as possessing by any means the binding quality which society, for its own protection, insists that it must have, and the result is that public attention is being continually called to complex connubial relations among members of the profession, which it declines to regard leniently, and yet hesitates to punish severely. The reason for this hesitation appears to be that society realizes that to descend to the stage level of matrimonial ethics means nothing short of destruction of the family and the demoralization of the whole social fabric, and on the other hand, is satistied to let irregularity in this regard go unpunished provided it is not allowed to spread beyond the comparatively narrow limits of Bohemia. The actor may have a code of morals and ethics of his own, says the world, provided he is willing to belong to a class. His own house may be disorderly, provided that he lives in an isolated quarter.

There is no forcible reason why such special license to transgress the moral and social code should be accorded to actors and actresses, and be denied to workers in any other field. Nor, is there anything in the conditions of the theater itself which is incompatible with the most scrupulous morality. It is true that the exigencies of dramatic representation necessitate a degree of personal contact from which a sensitive woman, jealously careful of herself, shrinks; but even the etiquette of the stage still affords her some protection, and there is nothing in the actual surroundings against which well grounded self respect is not a sufficient panoply. There is a great deal, however, that may be demoralizing to weak natures, and it is folly to deny it. To this must be added the freedom of stage intercourse. The susceptible stranger who for the first time hears himself called "my dear" twenty times in the first hour of his acquaintance with a pretty and lively soubrette is very apt to go away with a singularly erroneous impression which, by the way, it is fair to say, he is likely to have rather smartly removed if he draws from it any of the deductions of ordinary life. The phrase means nothing on the stage. It is as conventional as the "how d' ye do" of the street corner. But it illustrates in a rather striking way the absence of restraints which the rest of the world has found it prudent to impose.

More than anything else that serves to demoralize, however, is the itinerant principle which the style of the day has made so common. It was a severe enough tax upon the younger members of the company, when they lived at home and had domestic restraints about them, to avoid intimacies which were likely to carry them beyond the limits of wisdom. Now it is infinitely worse. The company, of course, is divided into pairs, like a church choir, where the tenor usually makes love to the soprano and the bass and contralto discover a natural affinity. The leading man and leading lady, the leading juvenile of both sexes, the soubrette and the comedian and even the old couple are for months members of a theatrical family, constantly feigning relations toward one another which are well calculated, unless some influence interferes, to become real sooner or later. This influence, of course, does exert itself. Who can wonder at it, with these people told off in pairs, carried for a whole season away from any society but their own, and absolutely necessary to one another for companionship? What other result can one expect than the closest sort of intimacy?

How is it to be remedied? Is it worth the effort at all? The answers are not hard to find. It can be remedied because there are scores of honorable men and lovely women who have escaped these blighting influences, and have found it quite possible to win distinction and at the same time observe the none too rigid qualifications for membership demanded by society at large. The truth is that the loose morals of the stage, so far as they exist, are partially the result of the traditions of the past, when to be an actor was to be an outcast in fact, and in fact to deserve to be in a very large degree, all sentimental nonsense and trash to the contrary notwithstanding. The vagabond stroller, unrestrained by the whipping-post and stocks, unquestionably deserved severe criticism. But the conditions that made him an outcast do not of necessity exist to-day. Let him give proof of his own acceptance of the law and he will have no trouble in getting recognition, as dozens of theatrical people in our cities have won it. But before the stage, as a whole, can expect the right hand of fellowship it must make such offenders in it as advertise their wantonness for business purposes feel the same reprobation from the profession as they get from the world; must mercilessly ostracize the wretches who market their domestic difficulties and visit upon the notorious creatures who figure in police courts and in public scandals the same unstinted measure of repudiation that society does not hesitate to bestow on its own malefactors. Then, when a prominent man marries an actress, it will not be necessary to advertise the fact that she is a virtuous woman, as in the case of Miss KINGDON, which is but an example out of many.

BAYARD AS A BOURBON.

The methods of our secretary of State remind one of the policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON, before the commune of Paris. He reminds one, also, of PIERRE TERRAIL DE BAYARD, the hero of the Middle Ages, possibly more, by the contrast of character, or that type of aggressiveness which singled out the latter from all his followers, as "the Knight" *sans peur et sans reproche*. It is difficult to conceive what would become of our affairs in the State department, should any real emergency arise to call forth a firm announcement, or one that contemplated a little daring, or individual responsibility on the part of the head of that bureau.

The criticisms, as to the question arising in case of the fishery interests off the coasts of New England and Canada, from the position taken by the officers of the latter government, have been very freely circulated during the past few weeks. They have not, however, aroused the widest public attention, because of their local phase, and of the fact that few realize the amount of capital and labor involved. But now it is reported that he proposes to surrender the whole issue in the Alaska affair, there arises a howl of opposition from the pit and dress-circle order of the Democratic press which does seem to indicate that the "grand old party" has an opinion outside of the folds of the admiuistration.

When the Hon. THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD was summoned as a member of the Cleveland cabinet, the sentiment was a very general one, and commented upon by both parties, that the President was associating with himself the best brains on his side of the house. By a few, the reverse opinion was held, because of his peculiar unfitness, in all his training, for executive duty.

Mr. BAYARD belongs to a great family of a state which has produced a few eminent men, and when in the United States Senate was the third generation of a name familiar in this chamber since the beginning of this century. He was, and is, a gentleman by the law of heredity and culture. He has been and is a student, and an astute observer, strong in debate, especially when on the defensive. Prior to his entering the Cabinet he had been a member of the Upper House during two full terms and a half of a third, and is now nearly 60 years of age. He has been in training for that place all his lifetime, and therefore is what might be termed a specialist, and hence the choice was a very unfortunate one, since his present place demands a brain of the widest versatility and adaptability, full of detail as to both the meanest and greatest issues of the political curriculum. It was unfortunate both for the President and the Senator, as it illustrates the want of philosophy in both—although the Senator will suffer most in the sequel. The political future of Mr. CLEVELAND is not of much account, for he was placed in temporary command of his party, as BURNSIDE was, before Fredricksburg, an untrained and untried volunteer, to fill up the gap, and give the organization time to study the horoscope; but Mr. BAYARD has the armor of his family to keep burnished and spotless, and whilst as Senator he found it an easy task, as secretary of State he is liable to return it to its niche in the wall, out of repair, and permeable to the shafts of other contestants now vegetating in Delaware.

THE APACHES.

There seems to be some doubt as to the nature of a tribunal to investigate the cases of GERONIMO and NATCHEZ, and until further orders they are detained in prison at San Antonio. Our secretary of War is too much engaged just now playing lawn-tennis to apply his great *military tactic* to a little matter like that. He is probably aware that he cannot secure any fame in in displaying his astute information of frontier fields two or three thousand miles from his club room.

The material fact which the campaign of Gen. MILES discovers, is that the people of Arizona and Western New Mexico can hope to revive their home interests. These pioneers have suffered for the past year as those of no other part of our frontier. They will continue to want for many necessities in their simple mode of living, for it is now too late to realize upon a crop this season, although another year may place them in a position to recover some of their lost stock and to resume farming operations.

To the gallant young MILES, it will be an event of great pleasure and a reminiscence that must become more and more rare in our war records. General MILES was a student of CROOK, the acknowledged chief of Indian fighters on our side for a quarter of a century, and he deserves the endless gratitude of the hardy settlers in that Western region, as well as all the promotion Congress can offer him.

THE last number of *Science* contains a map of the region affected by the recent earthquake, showing the comparative force of the disturbance and the time at which it was felt. The map plainly locates the center of the disturbance in a region extending through North and South Carolina, and is accompanied by articles which discuss the evidence already at hand, and ask for information according to the specifications of a circular which has been prepared. The following foundation of a theory as to the connection between earthquakes and tidal influences is interesting:

The hypothesis has been advanced by Perrey that earthquakes are connected with subterranean tides due to the combined influence of the sun and moon, and analogous to those in the ocean. At a given point the earth's strata are under the accumulated tension of centuries, and this pressure is slowly, but steadily, increasing, until it reaches a point when fracture is imminent. Twice a day the great oceanic tidal waves sweep along the coast, the tremendous changes of pressure due to them being possibly augmented by analogous movements beneath the crust; and at a critical moment they add "the last straw" that determines the fracture. It is very interesting to notice in this connection that at the time of the severe shock at Charleston this tidal influence was at its maximum. The moon was in perigee at 2 a. m., August 29; new moon at 8 a. m. the same day, acting in a direct line with the sun (the cause of the sun occurred at 5 a. m., August 29); extremely high tides occurred, therefore, for several days following. The moon's upper transit at Charleston occurred at 2:22 p. m., on August 31. The high tide following (the highest of the two daily tides) was at 9:35 p. m., just 20 minutes before the shock occurred. This remarkable coincidence is of course extremely interesting.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* sent correspondents to the recent state conventions of the Republicans of Ohio, Iowa, Texas, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana and Wisconsin, who interviewed the delegates, who may fairly be considered representative men of the party in each state, on their preferences for Presidential candidates in 1888. The result in the whole eight states was: BLAINE, 244; LOGAN, 119; SHERMAN, 71; ALLISON 22. The *Globe-Democrat* comments as follows:

Blaine, it will be seen, was the choice of more than half of the delegates who expressed any preference. In fact, his strength exceeded by 31 that of Logan, Sherman and Allison combined. He led in every state except Ohio, Iowa and Illinois, each of which has a prominent presidential aspirant among its own citizens. And in all the states here mentioned he led as second choice, except in Indiana, which preferred Harrison. In the Michigan and Texas conventions the sentiment was overwhelmingly in his favor.

THE following figures are given as to the death-rate in Chicago per 1,000 inhabitants, showing a gradual decrease: 1881, 26; 1882, 23; 1883, 20; 1884, 19; 1885, 18. Toledo can discount that. Her death-rate per 1,000 last year was only 13.24, figured on a population of 70,000—and it will be much lower this year. Toledo is the healthiest city in the United States.

THE Democrats have thus far renominated 93 members of the present House and defeated 69. The Republicans have renominated 64 and defeated 28.

TO ALL WANTING SEWING MACHINES —PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

There will be a rush of orders for the Blade Sewing machine during the months of October, November and December. Now at this season of the year, we can fill orders just as they are received, shipping every evening all received during the day.

We would thank our friends who desire the machine, or who are contemplating purchasing one, to order as soon as possible that we may get them out in time, and not be blocked during the holiday time. Order now and receive your machines promptly. The Machine and the BLADE one year, $18. Save annoyance by ordering at once.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

The net result of the Maine election may be summed up as follows: Mr. BODWELL, the Republican candidate for governor, is elected by a majority of 14,000; the entire four Republican candidates for Representatives are elected by a plurality of 17,000; the state legislature is Republican by 148 to only 35 Democrats; the re-election of EUGENE HALE to the United States Senate is assured, and, considering the nature of the warfare waged against the Republican party, it is the greatest triumph that party ever achieved in the Pine Tree state.

Our Democratic contemporaries of the baser sort—the hide-bound partisan sheets that will stoop to falsehood to make out a case—are attempting to belittle the sweeping victory. The New York *World*, however, is thoroughly Democratic, yet it has the good sense and the honesty to tell the truth about the matter. Its Maine correspondent says:

With so many elements in the struggle and with so many false and contradictory deductions drawn from a comparison of this with former elections in which the elements were not the same, it has been difficult for an unprejudiced man to arrive at a final and satisfactory conclusion. It may be said now, however, that the belief is gaining ground among the men in each of the camps who are willing to throw aside their preferences and prejudices, that Blaine has undoubtedly scored a victory. It was, of course, unreasonable to look for as large a vote in the state as was polled in the Presidential election of 1884; consequently it would have been unreasonable to look for the 20,000 Republican majority for that year. Neither would it have been entirely fair to look for a repetition of the 15,000 Republican plurality given in the gubernatorial election of that year, because Maine Republicans were about as much worked up over that campaign as they were over the presidential election that followed.

As to the third-party Prohibition vote in the state, the *World's* correspondent says that any disaffection in Democratic ranks over the fisheries matter and CLEVELAND'S unpopular course

was balanced and more than balanced by the drafts made upon the Republican ranks this time by Neal Dow, Gov. St. John and their supporters. Four thousand Prohibition votes, as against 2,000 in November, '84, and 1,100 in September, '84, was calculated to make a gap in the Republican vote if it had not been filled up by Republicans who were fond of Mr. Blaine, and adverse to cutting the Republican throat with the Prohibition knife, or been neutralised by Democratic disaffection. It may be remarked incidentally that the increase of the Prohibition vote over '84 is not conclusive evidence of the growth of the party, because the vote fluctuates from year to year. In 1869, for instance, there was a Prohibition vote for governor of 4,700.

A NEW DOCTRINE.

A new prophet has risen in the field of household management, who puts a diametrically opposite construction upon the famous saying of old, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." He doesn't spare the rod, yet he never uses it upon his children. This benefactor of the unruly class of the rising generation is STEELE MACKAYE, author and actor, who expounds his method as follows:

I never whip my boys. I do not think that a father is justified in using force to train his children. Whenever any boy is punished I make them whip me. They feel that much more than if I punish them. Recently I overheard two of my boys quarreling, and one of them said to the other: "If you don't stop that, dad will make you lick him."

We may be permitted to doubt the entire wisdom of Mr. MACKAYE'S methods until its results are known. If the junior MACKAYES turn out to be phenomenally good men, it may be possible that there will be converts to the faith—in theory, at least—but we much fear that

Medical Bureau.

Rules for Those Sending Queries.

1.—No queries will be answered unless from actual subscribers to the BLADE, whose names are on our subscription books. If the name sent is not found there, no attention will be paid to the letter.

2.—The real name and postoffice address must be given in every case. The name will not be published; we will give initials, or any fictitious signature you may choose. The address will always be published.

3.—All queries must be in a separate letter. They must not be made part of a business letter, or part of a letter to any other department of the BLADE. This is necessary, as they have to be handed to the physician who is to answer them. Address envelope, "The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left hand corner write, "Medical Bureau."

4.—No stamps will be sent by mail, in any case whatsoever, so it is useless to ask us to do it.

5.—Give full particulars of the case; tell age, sex and occupation of the patient, and give every detail necessary to ascertain the nature and cause of disease. This will enable us to prescribe more intelligently.

6.—All letters will be answered strictly in the order received.

Cases for Treatment.

241.—C. C. H., Dover, N. H.: Piles.—Better try treatment case 176.

242.—L., Liberty Square, Pa.: Follow directions case 188.

243.—O. K., Mc'Cordsville, Ind.: Male, 56; stricture of several years' standing.—Medicine will not help you much; it requires surgical treatment—gradual dilation by bougies, etc., for which consult a good physician.

244.—J. S., Independence, Wis.: The "elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia," prescribed in case 20, is a compound elixir, made by manufacturing chemists, and kept in all first-class drug stores. It can not be put up by small pharmacists without great trouble. For it may be substituted "elixir pyrophosphate iron, quinia and strychnia." Wyeth's, or "elixir of iron, quinia and strychnia" of Parke, D. & Co.'s. If your druggist is not wide-awake enough to order from some wholesale house either of these, then let him put up the two first prescriptions given in case 179, and take them instead.

245.—H., Assumption, Ills.: Severe constipation, requiring injections to produce movement of bowels.—Use the prescription and directions given in case 280.

246.—C. H., Millbery, O.; Chronic nasal catarrh.—Use treatment, case 262.

247.—R. D., Stockton, N. Y.: Inflammation of the bladder.—Follow treatment indicated in case 173.

248.—B., Tonica, Ill.: Birthmark on a child's face.—Medicine will do no good. A skillful surgeon can, by operation (which is not dangerous) remove a dime's size red stain. Should be done within the next year or so, as it will increase in size as she grows older

249.—C., Brushy Fork, Ill.: Brown spots on face, back and inside of elbow.—Follow treatment case 177.

250.—Subscriber, Exeter, N. H.: Use 1st and 3d prescriptions, case 180.

251.—M. G., Manoemonee Falls, Wis.: General debility in man of 55.—Be careful in eating and drinking; take plenty of sleep, and bathe often; work as little as possible. Take the following:

Salyb. nitrate	2 drachms.
Tinct. ferri muriatis	½ ounce.
Comp. tinct. cinch	2 ounces.
Syr. zingiber, q. s. ad	4 ounces.

M. Take a teaspoonful after each meal, and before retiring at night.

252.—Mrs. K., Lyonsville, Dak.: Persistent sores on lower lip of 12-year-old child.—Bathe the lip in tincture of golden seal, and then cover with a thin coating of cerate, so that the tincture can not be used to moisten it. Remove the plaster each morning and apply the golden seal, and apply fresh plaster.

253.—W. T. M., Milo, Ia.: Stomach trouble after eating; constipation; troubled for 10 or 12 years.—Take this:

Quinæ sulph	32 grains.
Tinct. ferri muriatis	3 drachms.
Comp. tinct. gentian	2 ounces.
Syr. sarsaparilla comp., q. s. ad	4 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful every 3 hours.

254.—W. B., Knoxville, Tenn.: Am 21 years old and have no beard, only a few scattering hairs. My father has scarcely any beard.—Some men are naturally beardless. The BLADE is. As a rule, there is but little use in trying to force the growth where nature has denied it. You might try the prescription in case 230.

255.—Invalid, Parkville, Colo.: Chronic rheumatism, result of exposure in the army, Alcoholic habits.—Your letter is that of a man of 60, of which you speak, is because of the care you take of yourself. Keep it up. For the rheumatism, take this:

Acid. carbolic	3 drachms.
Sodæ bibor	½ ounce.
Vini colchici	1 ounce.
Elixir, comp. q. s. ad	4 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful three times a day. When painful, rub the part with oil of peppermint.

256.—R. D. S., Mooresburg, Tenn.: Weakness, nervousness, constipation, etc., in young man of 22.—History of case incomplete, as no cause is shown. For the constipation, take:

Extract cascarillæ	½ ounce
Comp. tinct. cinchona, q. s. ad	4 ounces

M. A teaspoonful morning and night.

257.—J. B. H., Kiowa, Kan.: Rheumatism in shoulders and arms; sore stomach, swollen abdomen, etc.—Take a small pill 3 times a day and 3 nights at bed time, made of the two following prescriptions:

Elixir pepsin, bismuth and strychnia	6 ounces.

One teaspoonful 3 times a day, just before meals.

Aloin	12 grains.
Ext. belladonna	6 grains.
Podophyllin	3 grains.

M. Make 24 pills. Take one pill daily at bedtime.

258.—Mrs. W., Spring port, Mich.: Epilepsy; insomnia from paralysis.—The case is unfortunately incurable. Degenerative changes must have taken place in the brain structure, which keeps up the epileptic paroxysms.

259.—Pinto, Dewitt, Ills.: See answer case 244.

260.—Ram, Pleasant Lake, Ind.: Intermittant fever, liver trouble, nervous exhaustion.—Eat only plain food—beef-steak, bread at least one day old, baked potatoes, ripe cooked fruit, etc.; eat no fat meat, fried food, pastry, pie, cake, hot bread, griddle cakes, cabbage, pickles, etc. Eat only moderately, and never between meals. You are ruining your health and undermining your constitution by carousing, late hours, exposure to the wet or damp weather, or to very hot sun; do not work to the point of exhaustion. Bathe frequently, retire early, and take all the sleep you can get. Have a good appetite when you take the following prescription, and use up the bottle before beginning another:

Quinia sulph	40 grains.
Tinct. nucis vom	10 grains.
Aloes	3 grains.
Ext. gentian, q. s.	

M. Make 30 pills. Take one just before each meal and one at bedtime, making 4 each day.

Strychniæ sulph	2 grains.
Acid. phosphoric, dil	1 ounce.

M. Take 10 drops 4 times a day.

261.—Constant Reader, Lowville, N. Y.: Follow 3d treatment, case 180.

262.—Implicit, New Oxford, Pa.: Catarrh.—Have a druggist obtain for you a "posterior nasal syringe;" he will show you how to use it. Get also:

Sulph. zinci	3 scruples.
Tinct. golden seal	1 ounce.
Aquæ dest., q. s. ad	½ pint.

M. Inject one syringeful into the nose morning and evening.

263.—G., Flint, Mich.: Hay fever; dyspepsia; weak eyes.—For hay fever, see case 177. For the stomach trouble, get this:

Pepsin	½ ounce.
Podophyllin	3 grains.

M. Make 35 powders. Take one before each meal. Follow general dietetic directions given in case 260.

264.—L., Dexter, Iowa: Deafness of 15 years standing. It is impossible to prescribe, as you do not give the cause of the trouble.

265.—Subscriber, Ligonier, Ind.: See case 244.

266.—A. R., Oregon City, Oregon: Weakness of bladder in boy of 14. Get a druggist to put up:

Tinct. belladonna	1 ounce.
Elixir calisaya, q. s. ad	3 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful before going to bed. Use for 6 or 8 weeks with utmost regularity.

267.—W. W., Ligonier, Ind.: Nervous debility, nightly losses, undeveloped sexual organs, result of abuse. Follow full treatment given for case 180.

268.—H., Ashmore, Ill.: Age 73; attack of catarrh of bladder 5 years ago; pain in urethra, smarting pain in bladder.—Have a druggist obtain these articles, if he has not them in stock, and put up:

Fluid ext. corn silk	4 ounces.
Fluid ext. eucalyptus	2 ounces.
Elixir calisaya	2 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful morning, noon, and at bedtime. Report result after 4 weeks' treatment.

269.—Mrs. S., Ponca agency, I. T.: Chills 9 years ago, with resulting pain in left side since; no swelling or hardness.—Obtain of a druggist:

Extracted beardsot ointment	2 ounces.

Rub over the spot affected morning and night, before a hot fire. Rub well. Report result in 4 weeks.

270.—Mc., Three Rivers, Mich.: Ringing in ears you do not give sufficient details to enable the cause to be judged.—For hay fever follow treatment of case 177.

271.—C. G., Pueblo, Colo.: Chronic catarrh in the head.—Follow treatment given in case 262.

272.—S. Collins, Iowa: Vomiting, sick headache.—Obtain the following prescription:

Sulph. magnesiæ	6 drachms.
Carb. magnesiæ	1 drachm.
Comp. tinct. lavandi	2 ounces.
Tinct. nucis vom., q. s. ad	8 ounces.

M. Take 2 tablespoonfuls on rising each morning. Keep the bowels open, and be very careful as to diet.

273.—D., Sarpise, Kan.: Irregular menstruation, pains and swellings of limbs each time, headache.—Take the following at each menstrual period:

Tinct. belladonnæ	½ ounce.
Tinct. opii	½ ounce.
Elixir valerianate ammonia	2 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful morning and night, for three days, and then the following steadily every day for two months:

Ferri pyrophosph	½ ounce.
Tinct. aloes et myrrh	½ ounce.
Comp. tinct. cinchonæ, q. s. ad	4 ounces.

M. Two teaspoonfuls 3 times a day, before eating.

274.—Al, Jonesville, Mich.: Rupture.—Consult an experienced physician, and have him either perform a surgical operation, or fit you with a truss. The longer you let it go, the worse it becomes.

275.—Annie, Allegany Co., N. Y.: What can I do to stop my hair falling out? Five years ago it began to come out in August. It came out until cold weather, when it stopped. The next year it commenced earlier, and so on, until this year it began the last of May. I had a nice head of hair, very even and long. Now it is so thin it does not cover my head. It does not break off, but comes out by the roots. Each hair looks white on the end where it comes out. It will come out as long as I will comb it, and then when it is done up it is all the time dropping out, and the root ends hanging down. There is new hair coming in all the time but it is fine and weak; some of it comes out when about an inch long and some will grow seven or eight inches and then come out. My head is covered with dandruff or something similar. It is thin, white scales, and does not come off as dandruff. My head will bleed if I try to comb it off; so I keep it as decent as I can by frequent washing, but I cannot get it all off smooth, do the best I can. Often there are little sores or pimples, such as are on my face, on my scalp, and sometimes there is a disagreeable burning, prickling sensation all over the top of my head, but that is usually when I am tired or nervous; as it may have no connection with the scalp trouble. Female, 32 years old, live on a farm, do housework, have plenty of exercise indoors and out, but am not overworked. I bathe once a week always and oftener in warm weather, do not eat pork nor drink strong tea and coffee. None of my relatives are bald, or have any such trouble. My hair is smooth and oily; if I did not have to wash it so much, it would be too oily. The ends split badly. My general health is good.

We publish the above letter in full, first, to show what we mean by asking that a complete history of each case be given, and, second, because it is an excellent description of a very common, but imperfectly understood disease, causing baldness, which attacks both sexes, but appears on men far oftener than on women. The symptoms are as follows:

"The patient finds an increase in the amount of manurial scales that are detached from the scalp when the hair is combed or brushed. This is noticed over the entire hairy surface. After from five to seven years a greater loss of hair is noticed than had been before experienced. Ladies find an unusual number of the shorter hairs which project from the surface of the braids, while the lower portions of the plaits become thin. In men who wear their hair short the short, pointed hairs are not noticed, for their limit of length is from four and one-half to six inches, but the loss of hair is noticed to be excessive, and thin places show themselves over the crown and a little further forward. If the hairs removed are examined, it is found that many of them are pointed at the end and are not of the average diameter throughout. The dandruff is the most troublesome matter early in the disease. White, dry scales are shed from the scalp at every movement, and fall upon the clothing. Sometimes the hair is covered and looks as if it had been powdered. If the scales are soft and greasy, they become of a dark gray color from admixture with the dust from the air. Combing does no good, for vast numbers of the scales stick to the scalp and can be removed only by soap and water, and they soon form afresh when removed. There is not only an increase, but an alteration in the quality of the secretion furnished each hair by the little glands that open into the hair sacs. There is a grease, drying upon the surface of the skin, furnished by these glands. The patient often complains of a "pricking headache," with itching and feeling of heat in the scalp, which may last for hours or even several days at a time. The perspiration of the parts is often increased, and the scalp feels less moveable, less pliable, and more firmly attached to the underlying structures than before.

It is often of importance to make out a case of this sort, for the treatment is more hopeful of success in the earlier than in the later stages, especially in women. In the early stage, while the hair is still thick and luxuriant in its growth, there is still strong hope of a cure. In the second stage, when the hair has become thin and falls rapidly, it is still possible to preserve such as have not lost their usual size, while there is very little prospect of restoring the thinned ones to their former condition or of filling in the thin or bald places with new growth.

Dissolve 1 ounce of bicarbonate of soda in a quart of soft, warm water. Wet the hair thoroughly with this rubbing it into the scalp, every night just before retiring. Then wet a thick cloth with it, and wear it on the head all night. In the morning use the following:

Linimentum saponis comp	4 ounces.

Rub well into the scalp, until every part is well covered and the surface smarts. Then wash copiously with warm, soft water, rub dry with a coarse towel and apply the following:

Sulph. zinci	1 drachm.
Tinct. cantharidis	1 ounce.
Ol. origanum	½ ounce.
Alcohol	3 ounces.
Bay rum, q. s. ad	½ pint.

M. Dress the hair with this. In the evening begin the treatment given above again. Keep this up for 2 or 3 months.

276.—C., Thayer, Kan.: Hair falling out. Follow the above treatment in case 275.

277.—J. M. B., Grant, Iowa: Catarrh in head, deafness for 14 years, slight discharge from ears, foul breath. Follow treatment in case 262.

278.—Missourian, Graham, Mo.: Loss of sexual energy. In your case, take the first and second prescriptions in case 180.

279.—Quiz, Erwin, Tenn.: Want of sexual power; liver trouble, etc. As to diet, eat plain food, keep the bowels open, bathe frequently, take plenty of sleep, be as regular as possible in all your habits. Take the first prescription given in case 180, and in addition get this:

Fluid extract damiana	6 ounces.

Take a teaspoonful after each meal.—Leave the liver trouble alone until the other is remedied. Take the above two prescriptions for one month, and then report, giving no. of case.

280.—Subscriber, Benton, Kan.: Dry catarrh of head; chronic constipation of bowels.—For the catarrh, see case 262.—For the constipation, have this put up:

Aloin	12 grains.
Ext. belladonna	6 grains.
Podophyllin	3 grains.

M. Make 24 pills. Take one pill before bedtime daily. Take exercise, eat plain food, bathe often, and be very regular in your habits.

281.—J., Columbus, O.: What remedy can you advise for removing the superfluous flesh from a fat person?—We can only advise no medicine for this specific purpose. The fat man desirous of reducing his weight should have the greater part of his food for nitrogenous matter—lean beefsteak, for example. The patient must by experience learn to take the least possible amount consistent with the general well-being, and it will astonish him when he finds out how little it is actually necessary for him to take. People eat as much fat as lean, and no small percentage of the diseases with which men are afflicted, to say nothing of obesity, are owing directly or indirectly to the constant tax imposed on the system in getting rid of superabundant food. Nearly all fat people are great drinkers—they take too much fluid. What is frequently called fat is a sodden condition of the tissues. In order to reduce the bulk one must evaporate the patient and get rid of the fluids. The obese person should therefore take his food as nearly dry as possible and should imbibe as sparingly as possible of fluids. Soups should be entirely banished from the dietary. Bismarck was a very fleshy man, but he reduced himself according to the Schweninger method. The plan consisted essentially in dry diet, He was not allowed to drink anything during the meal nor for two hours and a half afterward. At the expiration of that time he was allowed to drink freely. By that time his food was digested, and the fluids were readily absorbed and carried to the kidneys, and served to wash out the system. Schweninger also restricts the patient to one food at a time in case of extreme obesity. For instance, if he should take bread he could have nothing but bread. If he took bread nothing but bread, and so with potatoes or anything he chose. The object of the plan is that its adoption satiates the appetite sooner than a variety of food. A variety tends to excite the appetite and make one eat more.

The necessity of exercise is very obvious. It increases oxidation. The union of the oxygen and carbon produces the phenomenon of combustion, and the fat, which is the carbon deposited from the circulation, remains and accumulates in the tissues, as it fails to come in contact with the oxygen. We are frequently told by those who practice the Schweninger plan, that they are small eaters. In individual instances this may be true; but it is also almost invariably true in such cases that the subjects are eating twice the amount of food and spending their time in luxurious ease. They grow fat because of a comparative lack of oxygenation. If fat people want to become thin badly enough to put themselves through a severe course of dieting, they will and can undoubtedly accomplish it.

Mr. Lawler's Forethought.

"Sure," remarked Mr. Frank Lawler, the other day, "thare's nothin' loike forethought. Hivin only knows phwat I thought when Oi wuz in Washington Oi shtopped at a strange hotel wan noight, and before retirin' Oi saw thare wuz only a half a dozent matches in the box. 'Now, suppose,' sez Oi, 'suppose Oi wud get up in the noight to loight the gas, an' thim matches shud be no good at all, at all.' So Oi tuke five yer'd be in, me bye,' sez Oi, does Oi thrust the box away from him. Oi found thim to burn parfectly well, so Oi goes to shlape knowin' that Oi cud git a light wid no throuble, if nade be. There's nothin' loike havin' an ol' to the future, me laddy buck."—*Chicago Rambler.*

Altogether Too Abbreviated.

The habit of abbreviating everything one writes is a bad one. An exchange tells of seeing a communication which spoke of a lady appearing at the theater in eve. costume.

Winchester's

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless Remedy for **Consumption** in every stage of the disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Threat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite,** and every form of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. 25 THE SURE AND ONLY WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. **$1** and **$2** per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, No. 162 William St., New York.

SEDGWICK'S WILD DEBAUCH.

Its Details are Too Vile to Permit Their Open Publication.

The Detroit *Tribune* has an interview with Mr. George A. Dounce, of the Mexican International railway, now visiting friends in Detroit. He has been for five years in Mexico, and was in the capital at the time of Sedgwick's "toot." He tells the story thus:

"Oh, the Sedgwick affair? Well, you have had the truth of it in the first dispatches. The Jockey club of the City of Mexico took Mr. Sedgwick in hand. This club, whose total membership I don't know except that it is limited, is composed of the young and old 'bloods' of the city. They are men of enormous wealth, who have nothing to do but enjoy themselves. The occasion in question was a ball given by the members in the club house—a handsome, almost palatial building which is richly furnished. A number of the younger members got hold of Sedgwick and after the ball took him about the city. I heard him spoken of as a thoroughbred, and cannot suppose that the scenes with which he was made acquainted were wholly strange to him. But a man cannot drink down there as he can here. It affects him more quickly. Climate, I suppose. The men he was with cannot be called hard drinkers, and I guess he did the drinking for the whole party."

Mr. Dounce narrated the particulars of Sedgwick's debauch. They more than confirm the worst that has been said regarding it, and show a vileness and shamelessness that are almost incredible.

"These details," Mr. Dounce continued, "were matters of easy verification. They were town talk. But the older members of the Jockey club made up their minds that if left uncontradicted, they might bring them into disrepute, too; and so they labored with the younger men, who felt a good deal ashamed of the business anyway, and they patched up a letter exonerating Sedgwick."

"How did the Americans in Mexico receive these reports?"

"Why, the American colony to the number of 100—representative and influential men in the colony—met to consider the matter. After some discussion, in which Gen. Frisbie, one of the best known American residents in Mexico, censured Sedgwick, the meeting adjourned to convene again the next day. At the second meeting Gen. Frisbie made the statement that Gen. Sedgwick was not connected in an official capacity with the United States government; that he was a private citizen; that his business was personal business. Under these circumstances the meeting adopted a resolution declaring that those present were disposed to accept the statement of Gen. Frisbie who averred Sedgwick was not in Mexico in any public capacity, and that whatever he might have done, therefore, was done by a private citizen and did not concern them or the general public.

"And yet it is well known that he is a special envoy and had indulged in bestial practices?"

"The Americans, to tell the truth, were so ashamed of him that they were glad to cover up, or at least smoothe over the whole affair, and the Mexicans, partly from personal pride and partly because they were bought up, were willing to deny the reports. Why, a personal friend of mine telegraphed a New York paper denying the story when he knew it was true. I asked him why he did so, and he said it was better for the country and to all parties of the debauch that the story should be contradicted. One American went to Sedgwick and told him he was going to make his conduct known. 'Well, if you do, I shall deny it,' and that is just what he has done."

"Methodists in Politics."

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—A special dispatch from New York, published yesterday morning, headed "Methodists in Politics," stated in substance that it had been learned through the Methodist Book Concern of New York, that the Methodist church was about to take an active part in politics, and that it had already pledged itself to the Prohibition party.

This dispatch was the subject of very general discussion by the Methodist ministers at their regular weekly meeting last evening. Several of the leading members said that the correspondent had been misled as to the action of the church.

The Methodist Book Concern of New York is not the "headquarters of the Protestant Episcopal church," as assumed in the dispatch, nor is it the headquarters of the Methodist Episcopal church, which was probably what was meant. It is merely a book publishing and book selling corporation, devoted especially to the Methodist church as a matter of course. The *Christian Advocate* is a religious newspaper, also devoted to the interest of the Methodists, but having no power to dictate or to instruct the Methodists as a body. The Rev. Dr. Buckley's editorial opinions are entitled to such consideration as his merits as a man, his standing as an editor and in the church, entitle him. The Methodists are not committed to the Prohibition party, nor to any third party. That organization which will best promote the cause of temperance is the party which the individual members are in duty bound to support. Members are sure to differ in their views as to that.

A New Political Party in Wisconsin.

NEENAH, Wis., Sept. 16.—A state convention of the People's party was held in this city to-day. The platform favors government control of money, land, means of communication, public improvements, labor bureaus conducted in the interests of the whole people, simplification of the laws to but one on each subject, and arbitration instead of strikes.

It demands the prohibition of child labor, contract labor, and safety means for employes in mines, factories etc., the abolition of the one man power in the government and the election of all officials by the vote of the people. It asks the amendment of the patent laws so as to give labor part of the benefit of the labor saving inventions and prevent monopoly.

It asks the forfeiture of all land grants and the prohibition of alien ownerships of lands, government loan of money, and the rigid enforcement of the laws against the importation of foreign labor. It denounces the action of the old parties in conducting campaigns on the issues which should have been buried when settled, scores of years ago, and invites the co-operation of all honest people in support of the new People's party.

John Cochrane, of Dodge, was nominated for governor.

Boiling an Inmate of an Insane Asylum.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 20.—A nurse, named Charles Edgerton, is employed at the Flatbush insane asylum, one of his duties being to administer a daily bath to an imbecile by the name of Patrick Mooney. On Saturday morning Edgerton made preparations to give McCarty his customary ablution. No sooner had the man been placed in the water than he uttered a succession of piercing yells, and then apparently became unconscious. When removed from the tub it was discovered that the lunatic's body had been literally boiled, his whole body being one solid blister. Edgerton carried the suffering man to his bed and summoned Dr. Shaw. The physician's efforts were unavailing, however, and McCarty died four hours afterwards in terrible agony. Coroner Menninger, after obtaining Dr. Shaw's statement, swore out a warrant for Edgerton's arrest, on a charge of manslaughter, and he was locked up.

A Lockout of 3,000 Workmen at Albany.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 21.—Building all through the city stopped early yesterday morning, and upward of 3,000 bricklayers, masons, carpenters and hodmen are walking the streets in idleness to-day. The lockout is the result of the effort of the employes in the building trades, organized as a protective union, to force master builders to purchase materials only of manufacturers employing union men. The master builders, when the demand was made, organized for protection, and the lock-out was fixed for yesterday, the master builders refusing to continue dealing with boycotted certain bricks and cement was removed. Last night some of the masons and bricklayers started for New York and Charleston, and others will follow to-day. At present both sides are firm, and the lock-out comes after weeks of preparation on the part of the master builders.

Discovery of a Rich Coal Deposit.

GALVESTON, Sept. 19.—An Eagle Pass special to the *News* says that a valuable deposit of bituminous coal has been discovered at the depth of 90 feet, on land recently bought by the Southern Pacific company from General Nanazo, on the west side of Sabnas river. The vein is six feet ten inches thick.

Col. Wm. Elliott, of Beaufort, was nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Seventh South Carolina district.

I INHERITED SCROFULA from my parents, and was afflicted for many years with a terrible running ulcer on my leg. I was a complete reservoir of blood poison. I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite remedy and the result was beyond anything I expected. To-day I am a sound man, thanks to a merciful Providence and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I am a living wonder to all who saw me in other years and who see me now.

J. N. PERRY, Potter Brook, Pa.

LOOKING TO AMERICA

For a Future Queen of England—Miss Chamberlain Engaged to Prince Albert Victor.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—[Special.]—The high society circles of New York are all agog over the report that the Prince of Wales and his consort had decided that their son, Prince Albert Victor, the heir presumptive to the English throne, should marry an American wife. The reasons given for the decision were the opposition of the English populace to any more German alliances, the paucity of reigning Protestant families in Europe and the bitter opposition to Catholics becoming connected with the English government.

In addition to this it is also stated that the marital union of England and America was some time since suggested by Lord Beaconsfield. There was a mystery, however, in connection with the identity of the American lady said to have been selected as the Prince's bride; but a Pittsburg gentleman, who is in a position to know, is authority for the information that the lady in the case is Miss Jennie Chamberlain, of Cleveland, whose beauty has created a sensation on both continents, and he says that while in London the report was privately circulated in the highest social circles that she and Albert Victor became engaged while she was in Europe last winter.

MAYFLOWER AND GALATEA.

Another Match Arranged, to be Sailed This Week.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 20.—A match race between the Mayflower and the English cutter Galatea, to be sailed off Marblehead some day this week, has been arranged. The yachts will prepare at once for the race, and as soon as a day arrives on which the wind is a strong, plant sail breeze, the Mayflower and Galatea will sail over a course off Marblehead, probably the same one as was sailed by the yachts of the eastern club at their regatta last July. That course was a triangle of 15 miles twice passed, making 30 miles in all. The yachts will go in racing trim, and the match will come off this week if there is wind enough.

Lieut. Henn, with a countenance as red as a beet from exposure to yesterday's sun, was apparently very glad that he will have an opportunity to show what his flyer can do in a breeze of wind.

"I do not wish to sail in a hurricane," he said, last evening. "I have been misunderstood by very many people in regard to this point. What I would like is a good wind, as much as a yacht can safely lug. The wind that now prevails here would suit me exactly. So would the evening of Saturday morning before we went out of Newport harbor to the starting point. Gen. Paine and I have come to a general agreement. The details will be settled on our arrival at Marblehead. As I understand the matter, we are to use three sails—main sail, fore sail, and jib. I hope to show what the Galatea can do under these circumstances. We are all happy over the prospects."

Knight Templar Conclave at St. Louis

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 18.—All arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the Knights Templars who will attend the triennial conclave in this city have been completed. Quarters have been prepared for all visiting commanderies and the Knights will suffer no inconvenience for want of room, unless many come who have not notified the committee.

To-day the reception committee of 50 from the various local commanderies will go into camp near the union depot, where they will be stationed until the last of the visitors arrive. Then the Knights in a pleasant reception and furnishing each company with a band which will escort them to their headquarters.

Yesterday there left, in a special car, a delegation from Ivanhoe commandery and invited delegations for Kansas City, where they will meet Sir Knight Robert B. Withers, right eminent grand master of the United States, and the California delegation, 1,000 strong, and escort them to this city, arriving here to-morrow morning. The conclave opens Monday.

More Shocks at Charleston.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 21.—There were three shocks of earthquake in Charleston last night and early this morning, the shock at 5:20 a. m. being quite sharp and causing houses to rattle uncomfortably. There was no general alarm, but a good many persons ran out of their houses, and remained out.

At Summerville there were three shocks between 4:25 and 6:30 a. m., there being a rather violent shock at 5:20, as here. A loud detonation similar to the report of a heavy gun was heard at the time.

Public Printer Benedict has already begun to talk of reducing the number of employes in the government printing office. This is the regular reform cry, which usually ends in dismissing old hands to make room for friends.

20 Spicy Photos (from nature). New, 10c.; 3 for 25c. Thurber & Co., Bay Shore, New York.

WORK For all. $30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

A farm of 140 acres for sale or exchange; 50 acres cleared; clay soil; well watered by springs; two first-class stock, grain and tobacco farm. For particulars, address Adrian Chamberlin, Gordon, Powhatan Co., Va.

ASTHMA. Full retail size Reed's Relief mailed free. Reed's Cure complete in all cases. A. S. REED & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$5 to $5 A DAY in your own town selling the Nickel Tidy Holder. Every family buys them. Samples and Agents' price-list by mail 16c. in 2c. stamps. W. Hasselbach, Box C, 51, Sandusky, O.

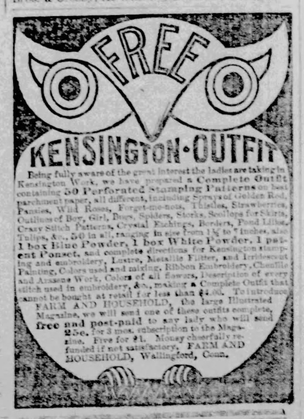
MAGNETIC PELLETS, the little giants. Sure Cure for nervous debility and lost vitality. $2.00 per box. Mailed safe from observation anywhere. Address POLYPATHIC MEDICINE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

Formerly $5.00 Spring Beds, Now $1.95. $3.00 to $5.00 per day to Agents. Write for circulars and terms. T. B. LAYCOCK & CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

$25 GIVEN AWAY. To the one who will write eight verses of poetry. Don't hesitate; it's easy to write poetry. Address WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, O., for particulars. Enclose one two cent stamp for reply. Mention this paper.

FLORIDA, CLERMONT, SUMTER CO. High Rolling Land. Perfectly healthy; no miasma; fine water; lake region. First-class Orange and Early Vegetable land. Two railroads now building. Land sold subject to improvement until delivery of deeds. For particulars, address The Clermont Improvement Co., Clermont, Sumter Co., Florida.

CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS. For comfort, at lowest rates, address Warner Bros. & Crosby, 126 Washington street, Chicago.



Being fully aware of the great interest the ladies are taking in Kensington Art, we have prepared a Complete Outfit containing 10 Perforated Stamped Patterns on best parchment paper, all different, including Sprayed Garden Rose, Fuchsia, Wild Roses, Forget-me-nots, Dahlia, Flower for Centre, Outlines of Boy and Girl, Poppies, Birds, Scallops for Edging, Cross Stitch Patterns, Crystal Rubbings, Borders, Floral Designs, &c., &c., in all, together with full directions for Kensington Painting and Outline Work; Colors used and mailing, Ribbon Embroidery, Chenille and Arasene

The Household.

MISS EMILY B. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

SILENCES THAT ARE NOT GOLDEN.

"What silences we keep year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear;
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of topics that are just in our reach,
Till all sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the common place of common speech."

I think there is nothing truer than the thought in these lines, that we "keep silences" year after year when in the presence of those we love, leaving unsaid the very things which would have gone straight to their hearts, and made life to them so gloriously beautiful, or, if the exigencies of their daily living rendered that impossible, at least smoothed the rough places, and brought to them a bit of what, we trust, the sweet hereafter may prove to be, something of its rest and peace.

It is folly to say that words are useless, that your love is too well understood to make them necessary. It is not true. There is not a human being in the whole wide world, whose heart is not hungry, sometimes, not only for affection, but for its outward expression. Cold and hard and stern persons may be to all seeming; apparently they may scorn all the softer sentiments of humanity; they may even repel tenderness, and yet down in the depths of their hearts, there is a responsive warmth aroused when loving words which they know have real meaning are spoken, when the soft caressing touch is the silent but strong utterance of true affection.

We do live beside each other day by day and talk of everything else, but of the strongest, deepest and purest feelings of our hearts. We let opportunity after opportunity slip by of gladdening our loved ones by some outward token of what is in our hearts for them. It may sometimes be a shrinking diffidence, the fear of seeming foolishly fond, but oftener it is carelessness that leaves the "full sweet word that lies within our reach" absolutely unuttered, while the common things for which we really care the least take up all our time and use up all our speech. It never occurs to us that the day may come, and sooner perhaps than we dream of, when all chance of expression will be denied to us.

"Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close familiar friends who loved us so;
And, sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone, with loneliness and love bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond word
That once we might have said and they have heard."

It is too late, and the consciousness that it is so will cause us the keenest sorrow.

Aside from this strong motive, however, of saving ourselves the misery of the "might-have-been," that of using the power each one possesses of adding so much to the beauty and sweetness of the every-day-life of those around us by saying, not alone the loving words, but those of kindly, cordial appreciation of the virtues, the gifts, and the accomplishments of those with whom we are associated. If they do well, it is both just and generous to tell them so, to let them feel a sense of being appreciated, to give them the strength and encouragement that always comes from the knowledge that their efforts have not been unnoticed. Even if they concern only the small, every-day affairs of life, there may have been more of self-conquered in their making, more courage put forth, more endurance manifested, more patience exercised than in great deeds that cover the doer with glory.

"If I could only hear him say once, just as he used to in the early days of our married life, that he loves me, I believe I could go to work again without feeling that everything is such a dreary failure," said a weary woman to me once.

"You do not doubt his affection?" I asked.

"Oh, I suppose he cares, but he never, never tells me so," she replied, with a passionate sett of wail in the tones of her voice. "We just go on week after week, eating and drinking, dressing, working and sleeping, and that is all there is of it. I often think he would not care if I should pass entirely out of his life, for he never seems to notice what I do, never speaks one tender word to me any more."

And yet he did care; but it was simply a habit he had fallen into, and unless shocked into a realization of what he was doing, the days would go on and on, and the conviction of his indifference would grow deeper and deeper, until the love would go out in her heart for aye. And then it would be too late!

I shall never forget the glow of pleasure that used to irradiate the plain, stern face of a man I knew, at some unexpected word of fondness or caressing action from the wife he loved, whose only sin was omission from sheer carelessness. And then, suddenly, he folded his strong arms across the stilled heart, and his ears were deaf to her voice, and her touch had no power to awaken him to life. Then how she regretted the lost opportunities.

"This is the cruel cross of life, to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
Of gracious service is but empty space.
What recollected services can thin
Give consolation for the *might have been!*"

Surely the poet who wrote the lines I have quoted had a living realization of the pain which "the silences" had cost.

It is not only those that are wedded who forget to keep the fires of affection brightly burning by words and deeds. The gay young girl, that strong vigorous youth, both full of the luxury of living that health and animal spirits give, oftimes forget the loving word, the tender caress to the mother whose heart has beaten all these years a full measure of hope and pride for their future. When you feel inclined to be careless, oh, fair maiden, and brave youth, and to give more of thought and care to those who have never deuled self for your sake, as she has done, remember that the day is coming when you will stand "full visioned" beside her still form, and think bitterly if you have a heart, of the "might have been."

And yet it is not only young men and maidens who forget to make the home hearts glad by loving words and tender actions. Nor is this carelessness confined to the home circles. Friends hold fast to a reticence, so far as expression is concerned, of their kindly feeling toward each other. They go on week after week, meeting often, conscious of the excellencies of which they do not speak, full of kindness of thought, which may sometimes, when chance arises, be put into deeds, but too often letting "silences" multiply when it would be so easy and so charming to break and to throw them away.

Be not chary of loving words to dear ones, nor of pleasant, appreciative ones to those around you. It is hard to tell what the influences of those utterances may be upon the future of the latter, even though they be not of those whom you have gathered into your heart of hearts.

Faith in the present good, hope for the future, courage to do and dare—these are all often inspired by a chance expression of kind appreciation that costs the speaker absolutely nothing. I do not mean that we should overflow with phrases that are meaningless, or utter what is untruthful and misleading, but that we shall be alert and thoughtful, that no moment when kind words may be spoken shall slip by and leave them forever unsaid. We are all too prone to take things for granted, to live beside each other day by day, and speak of myriad things, but seldom say the full sweet words" that would have brought gladness to the heart and sunshine to the life of those who may perhaps seem to have the least need of our ministrations.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Keeping Bouquets.—Some one writes to know if there is not some way of keeping flowers for a longer time than is usually thought possible, as it seems such a pity to have so much beauty fade so quickly. Various suggestions have been made from time to time, some good, and some worthless. Not long since, however, the editor of the HOUSEHOLD saw the following in Vick's *Magazine* which could be easily tried and with probably excellent results:

A vessel of water is required; the vessel should be large enough to allow the submersion in it of a plate or dish holding the bouquet to be preserved, and a bell glass to cover the bouquet. The dish or plate should contain no moss or other material; the water should be limpid and quite pure. Place the plate at the bottom of the water, and on the plate, submerging it, place the bouquet, which is maintained in an upright position by a weighted base previously attached to it. This being done, the bouquet is covered with a bell glass, the rim of which ought to fit exactly to the flat part of the plate; the bell glass should be entirely filled with water, and without the least air bubble.

Then all are raised together, plate, bouquet, and bell-glass filled with water, and placed on a table, carefully wiping the exterior, but leaving on the plate around the base of the bell-glass a little provision of water, which prevents the entrance of air. The flowers in this condition will be preserved in all their freshness for several weeks, and their beauty is increased by a great number of bubbles of gas produced by the respiration of the leaves, and which attach themselves to the petals, appearing like pearls. The edge of the plate and the water that it contains should be concealed by a light bed of moss, in which are set some other flowers. In the evening, by artificial light, a bouquet thus arranged produces a charming effect.

Table Decoration.—Get as many new clothes-pins as you are to have guests. If you can paint them in different but delicate colorings with some pretty design of flowers added, do so, but if not, gild them, and write a short motto on each. At the top tie a full bow of narrow ribbon of the same ribbon, draw the motto into each one, and also catch a small button-hole bouquet in them. The head of this little souvenir lies in the choice of the flowers and the appropriate form of the motto, which must be put on in very plain, neat lettering.—ED.

For Lap-robe.—Buy billiard-cloth for your robe. Choose a color, like the lining of carriage. Billiard-cloth is all wool and durable. The robe looks pretty with a simple binding, neatly stitched on and is really more stylish than fancy decoration. If embroidered, use a large monogram in the center, of your initials.—B.

Rug.—Take coffee sack made into any size wanted, stamp any design preferred. Cut rags as for carpet, hold rag underneath and pull up with large bone crochet needle.—VIRGINIA.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and sl, slip; th and tho, thread; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; c st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Antique Lace.—I notice several requests recently for crocheted lace. Here is one that is lovely: Chain 75 stiches. 1st row—Turn, d c in 7 stitches, ch 5, d c in 10, 2 d c and ch 5 in 13; 2 ch and d c in 16, 2 c and d c in 19, 20, 21, 22, 6 ch and s c in 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; 6 ch and d c in 37, 38, 39, 40, 6 ch and s c in 46, 47, 48, 49, 50; 6 ch and d c in 55, 56, 57, 58, 6 ch and s c in 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 6 ch and d c in 72, 73, 74, 75, 5 ch and turn. 2d row—d c in corner of block formed in preceding row, 2 d c's around the chain and the chain caught in chain *, 6 ch 3 s c between the 5 of preceding row; 6 ch and d c a block, commencing in 5 stich of chain, 2 ch and another block *; repeat from * to * twice, 2 ch and a d c alternately to the end, 5 ch and turn. 3d row—d c and ch 2 as before, making 7 of these checks, then a block, * 3 ch, t c, catching in loop of last row, 3 ch, t c, catching in next loop, 3 ch, t c, catching around chain between the blocks, 6 ch, a block, repeat, * 3 ch, t c, 3 ch, block, 5 ch and turn 4th row—Make a block, 2 ch, another, 6 c h, 3 s c in center by catching one each side and one in next stitch, 6 ch, another, repeat, * block, finish the row, 5 ch and turn. 5th row—9 checks, then a block between the two, one other row, * 6 ch, 5 s c, 6 ch, a block, repeat *, 9 ch, turn. 6th row—d c a block by commencing in the 7th s of chain and ending in corner of block on the other row, *, 2 ch, block, 6 ch, 3 s c, 6 ch, block, repeat, 2 ch, block, 2 ch, d c, etc., making 8 checks, 5 ch, turn. 7th row—7 checks, a block, * 6 ch, t c caught around the chain between the blocks, 6 ch, a block, 3 ch, t c, 3 ch, block, repeat, 6 ch, t c, 6 ch, block, 9 ch and turn. 8th row—Make a block as before by commencing in 7th s of chain, *, 6 ch, 3 s c, 6 ch, a block, 2 ch, a block, repeat to check, making 6 checks, 5 ch, turn. 9th row—10 blks, block, *, 6 ch, 5 s c, 6 ch, block, repeat twice, *, 5 ch, turn and commence at 2d row. Inserting can be made to match. I hope I have made this plain for you.—MOLLIE.

Correspondence.

FROM THE FAR WEST.—Let me drop everything and rush out to greet each one of you that formed the circle in the BLADE of August 26, which was handed me at the lunch table.

Shall I speak first of our good friend and adviser? No. She is all sense and goodness. The first letter gives some sound advice. "Look Out Self."

If all the shams of the day were laid aside and the real true heavenly sunshine allowed to penetrate the very depths of our hearts and then the returning rays in all their effulgent beauty and warmth scattered, broadcast what lessons of happy contentment such a course would ensure. Yes, there would be joy where now is sadness and smiles would chase away the tears. Oh, it's easy to preach, not so to practice. There is very true when these tired bodies and weak minds settle down and give up to the worriments of every-day life. "Canna Bell" and "Patient Patience" must not slip my attention, though I don't quite agree with them. When it becomes necessary for daughters of farmers or otherwise to cry out for pay for home work, there is surely something or something wrong. I've heard wives talk just that way. They do thus and so and get no pay! A home where husband, wife and children are, is, or should be, as one. How do they get the idea of pay? The love that is supposed to exist where the tie of blood binds, should harmonize and regulate these things without a question, but if there is no love a problem arises not so easily solved.

Ha, ha, "Gossip," you want a man that is not a "fraud." I'm afraid you'll have to take the good advice you gave the girls and wait a while.

If the girls could realize their incapability of judging human nature while in their teens, when life is all sunshine, there would be fewer broken-hearted wives and less divorce cases.

Come, "Eva Lena," you have taken the right side, it seems to me, in regard to sons-in-law and wives rushing to print with their domestic troubles. Not but my truest sympathies are yours, but remember you've taken them for "better or worse," and when the *worse* predominates it's quite natural to seek relief, but don't resort to a newspaper. There are very few women, if the truth could be known, but have an aching void in their hearts, but generally kept well guarded from the public gaze. "Eva Lina" asks, are not the husbands as near perfect as we women?" It's Heaven's and nature's laws to "marry and be given in marriage," and in the near future I may give you some thoughts on this side of the question. Let me advise all the dear sisters whose "lot has not been cast among the roses," to take their troubles to the one great, good Adviser that can render comfort more blessed than any earthly friend.—H. M. PIERCE, East Portland, Oregon.

FOR THE GIRLS.—I wish to say a few words to the girls. Some girls (not all) think because they are girls they must be petted, and everyone about the house must do as they wish, and especially when they have young men callers. I have known (in small towns) young men to spend Sunday with a girl when he may be keeping company with. She never thinks of helping poor, tired mother. The latter must cook over the hot stove, get dinner for all the family as well as the company, while the best and coolest rooms are given entirely up to the young lady and her company. Brother, sister, etc., are banished, and sometimes, when the dinner happens to be late, or it not quite as elaborate as the young lady might wish, she seats herself with a frown or a complaint, soon eats her dinner and returns to the parlor and the easy chair, with never a thought of the mother, who longs to read a little but must wash dishes and sweep, and put the house in order again. Sunday is a day of rest, and why shouldn't mother enjoy it as well as daughter. Mother is much older, has worked harder, borne children, and has done, and is still doing, a thousand and one things the girls know nothing of.

Monday morning, the daughter must sleep. She attended church the evening before, and then, with several other couples, enjoyed a song or an hour's chat over ice cream, and is too tired to be disturbed in her morning nap. She comes down stairs when mother has the washing half finished, and complains of the heat and perhaps tells how the flies troubled her so she could not rest very well after daylight. She does not think she is selfish or lazy. She is only thoughtless. This is a true picture. I know at least one girl that is just as described here. I do not wish to say all the girls are like this one, for they are far from it.

The girl I write you of reads the BLADE, and I hope she may read this and be more thoughtful of mother, as some day she may find herself without that handy and patient person. She is kind-hearted, but very thoughtless, and if there are any others who read the HOUSEHOLD that are a little inclined to be the same way, I hope they will think more of mother and less of pleasure, not only Sunday, but all other days.

Dear girls, don't think I wish you to make drudges of yourselves, and to deny yourselves all pleasure and fun. Oh, no! That is furthest from my thoughts, as no one enjoys seeing young people have a good time better than I do. All I wish to say is don't go too far, and sometimes think of others' pleasure and rest as well as your own.

And now I must add one word more, to thank the editor for all her home talks. I suppose she gets almost tired of thanks, as after all the thousand readers of her dear HOUSEHOLD write to thank her, her patience must be almost exhausted.—TIRED WIFE.

FLOWERS FOR THE CEMETERY.—I have been asked so often what flowers are the best for graves, that I would like to answer these questions which are of such general interest, through the BLADE. Where people live near the cemetery they can have flowers on the graves of their friends the whole season with a little care as to watering and weeding. The list of plants is large for such, as any of our white flowered annuals may be used also geraniums and roses.

In annuals we have the candytuft, sweet alyssum, phlox, dromandii, some varieties of pinks are white, and white pansies; but none of these, excepting the pansies, will live and bloom more than one season. The list of very hardy perenuals united to this work is small. During September and October is the best time for this work. First make the grave level with the surrounding surface; then enclose it with a frame of plank sunk into the soil to keep out grass. Make the soil rich before setting the plants. Set plants of daisies and forget-me-nots, both hardy perennials, seed of which if sown in September will produce plants that will bloom next spring. Then snowdrops, lily of the valley, white crocus, hyacinthes, double and single, and white narcissus, all very hardy, and which, once planted, will continue to bloom every season for many years. The crocus and snowdrops are the earliest of our spring flowers. The others bloom a little later, and then still later the lily candidum and longitlorum, both pure white and very hardy.

For flowers later in the season nothing can be prettier than the achillea, a very hardy perennial, producing the purest of white flowers, about the size of a cent, but in clusters of a dozen or more blossoms. It commences to bloom in July and continues until very late in the fall. It is one of the best plants for the cemetery, because it will thrive in any soil or situation, and will take care of itself even among weeds, and will grow and bloom in soil so poor that other plants would die. I prize my bed of achillea above all my other white annuals or perennials; for floral work it is such a pure looking flower. The white phlox dromondii looks yellow beside it. There are other white flowers which are nice for graves, but those I have named are, I think, the best for such work.—FRANCES B., West Branch, Ogemaw county, Mich.

GREEK VALERIAN.—I wish to make a correction which I sincerely hope the editor will permit to be published, as I think it a duty I owe to the HOUSEHOLD readers. Of late I have had several letters sent me with specimens of root, which the sender called Greek Valerian, but which had no resemblance to that article at all. At first I felt shocked at the idea of any one sending out an article not knowing what the effect might be, and for the reason that I contributed this remedy to the HOUSEHOLD, with a positive knowledge of its worth, I feel like defending it against any fraud, intentional or otherwise.

Now, if there is any one in doubt as to the genuine article, let her consult a work on botany, and she will find that the Greek Valerian has been correctly described in the HOUSEHOLD by myself and others, and fearing there might be some mistake made, I promised to send fresh leaves to any one wishing to try it, or a speciman of the roots, as it is sometimes found at druggists' in the dried state, and some might get it by that means. I do hope the lady sending out this bogus article did it through ignorance of the real name of the plant. But that can be soon the necessity of this correction. Persons should be very certain before sending out a remedy for others to take at a risk. I am a friend of the HOUSEHOLD, and have been since its establishment in the BLADE, and hail it weekly as a source of instruction, and as in private families happiness is largely due to confidence reposed in its members, so in larger unions. I am very willing to have the Greek valerian remedy examined, for I know it will stand on its own merits, but am not willing to have it represented by that which is altogether foreign in appearance and effect.—MRS. S. D. BROSIUS, Tiffin, Ohio.

FREEDOM'S DAY ON THE MOUNTAINS.—The Fourth of July dawned on Tamarack mountain, not with booming of cannon, not even a sunrise salute, but with hoar-frost, and in perfect silence, in which nature reigned in her grandest mood. To the right and almost over the dark cedars of Tamarack, Lawson's Peake loomed up, its frosted sheen of glittering snow just touched by the rays of the rising sun, so pure, so beautiful, that one blessed the gift of eyesight, and thanked God for a world of so much beauty. Twenty miles away Mt. Shasta lifted her snow-crowned summit in royal grandeur, the amber rays of the sunlight, casting a crown of yellow light, over her peaks and gorges. On the summit of Tamarack mountain was open meadow land, interspersed with clumps of slender tamarack. White frost lay over all. The dark background throwing into bright relief the millions of frost diamonds, which, sparkled in the dimlight, down the mountains side, giant cedars, and pines, presented an almost unbroken mass of foliage, all touched by the beautiful artist, and as a light morning breeze came up, bowed their stately heads, and saluted our national day of Independence and Liberty.

Great is our country; grand and magnificent our scenery by sea, prairie, dale or mountain. And pure as the midsummer frost, is the principle which has upheld and bound together, this vast land of greatness and beauty.—BARBARA ALLEN.

Inquiries.

Will some one give plan of building and heating small green-house that will withstand the extreme cold of winter in the Northwest?

Will some one please send directions for crocheting hair nets of silk?

Also the song "Annie is on the Stormy Sea." I will pay postage on the song.—BESSIE G. CLARK, Trimble, Colo.

As I have more small sea shells in my cabinet than I wish to keep, I would like to offer them, through the BLADE, to lovers of curiosities. To any one sending me a stamp for postage I will send one or two of these shells. I would like to correspond with persons having shells, minerals, etc., for specimens. Address MRS. O. D. SHERMAN, 789 Gallagher street, East Saginaw, Mich.

Can some reader of the BLADE tell me how to clean white slippers; also, will some one send the August number of 1882, containing the "Stamp Flirtation?" as I was not a subscriber at that time. I will gladly send stamp to any one who has the paper who will send it, and oblige MARY CONE, Yarmouth, Iowa.

Will the lady that wrote about the salicylic acid in fruit tell more about it? Was she not mistaken in saying it was five cents an ounce? Here they ask 50 cents an ounce. That would be rather expensive, as she said an ounce for a gallon of fruit. Please answer.—MRS. CURRY, Wooster O.

Will some one please give directions for knitting double rose-leaf insertion?—LIZZIE.

Will some one please repeat pattern for pineapple edging, as we did not take the BLADE when it was published? I learned the insertion, and think it beautiful. Will some one tell me where I can get California beer seed?—DORA MATHEWS, Lawes Penasco New Mexico.

Will some one please suggest a neat and economical way to finish the edge of a silk quilt, and will wadding be necessary between lining and cover, and how should it be stayed?—ETTIE.

Will some one tell me how to sharpen silver knives? Is there a member of the HOUSEHOLD having the song "Children may come to the Savior" who will be kind enough to send me the words. Also, will some one tell me the last two lines of "Father Abbey's Will," by John Seccomb?—ANNIE OLINGER, Meyerspale, Somerset County, Pa.

I have a pretty pattern for a crotcheted collar, but fear it is too lengthy for publication in the HOUSEHOLD. If the person requesting the same will send address with stamped envelope, I will willingly oblige her with the directions. I have quite a number of patterns I will send to the HOUSEHOLD if they will be acceptable.—MRS. W. H. BOND, Fort Lyon, Colo.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have them.—ED.

Are we allowed to exchange books through this department?—M.

We have been obliged to exclude all "exchanges" from the HOUSEHOLD for good reasons, which have been several times explained.—ED.

Will some one please send directions for knitting mittens with fancy back; also directions for making oakleaf lace? What material is generally used in knitting lace? Can some one give a good cement for mending dishes?—E. J. C.

Answers to Inquiries.

To "D." in BLADE of August 28—To exterminate bed-bugs: With a goose feather put whale oil into every nook, corner and crevice. You must take bedstead apart and put the oil into every little crack and along the support holding slats. If a bug remains in the bedstead, it will crawl up upon the sheets, where you can catch and kill. You can test the power of whale oil by making a circle around a bug—it will not cross an oil line. If bugs are numerous, set legs of bedstead into oily dishes. This remedy was handed down from Vermont and has been tested more than 50 years. Whale oil does not make a bedstead squeak, like kerosene. My mother had her bedsteads treated with whale oil every six months, and no bug would ever stay in them. Travelers bring them often from boats and cars, so watch forever and guard against the pesta.

To exterminate ants. Draw heavy chalk lines around barrels and boxes, or saturate a sponge with sweetened water; lay the sponge in the ant's run-way. They will creep into the holes. Dip sponge into hot water. Repeat the operation until you have exterminated your ants.

"Ida," don't worry about your freckles. If you are gentle, good and kind, no one will care about the freckles. They are considered a mark of beauty in Scotland. As you grow older they will probably disappear.

Answer to Friend, to take out mildew: Buy one ounce of chlorate of potash, dissolve in a little hot water. Add to a pail of cold water. Stir, dip your garment into the solution, lay it out on the grass in the hot sun. Within ten minutes dip and lay out again. You can rub it a little. As soon as the mildew disappears, give your garment a thorough washing of the chlorate will eat the cloth. Think an hour will complete the process. I once treated successfully a white dress in this manner.—M. A. B.

Please tell the lady who asked for a cure for sour stomach, to take one tablespoonful of sweet cream before eating and it will soon cure. From one who tried.

For Mrs. Ed. Irens: There is a sponge cake recipe given in BLADE of two weeks ago, in which hot water is used, if that is the kind she means. I used it and found it splendid.—MARY PHILLIPS.

The lady who asked where she could get catalpa seed to grow trees from, can purchase them from any good florist. I have some very nice trees I planted three years ago. I started the seed in a box. I put several seeds together thinking some might not be good, but judging from the number that came, I guess every one came up. I set them in the ground when about three inches high. They are a rapid grower and I find it to be a very beautiful tree.—A SUBSCRIBER.

If L. B. Stiles will send me his address I will send him the plant known as the blue bell or Greek valerian. I have it in my yard.—MRS. S. A. MORRILL, South Hannibal, Mo.

If "Belle" has reference to no particular subscriber, she may receive information by sending full description of her battery and her address to W. C. K., Box 62, Central City, Marion Co., Ill.

Some one desires to know what is the best tree for planting upon the prairies. For shelter, shade and fuel, the box-elder or ash-leaved maple is considered to be superior to any other. It is very hardy, makes a steady and rapid growth, is easily and cheaply raised from seed, which can be readily obtained from any seedsman. Six pounds of seed will plant five acres at four feet apart. The tree grows to be 50 or 60 feet high, with a diameter of 18 to 20 inches. A syrup and sugar can be made from it which is very good, approaching the maple syrup in color and flavor.—ED.

Recipes.

Velvet Sponge Cake for "Mrs. Ed. Ivens".—Beat 4 eggs and 2 cupfuls of sugar well together, add 2 coffee cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, lemon flavoring. Mix well together, add ½ cupful of boiling water, bake in once in a well heated oven. This is splendid and easily made.—READER OF THE BLADE.

To Cook Turnips.—Here is a very nice way to cook turnips in slices. Boil in water until tender, then throw off water and boil up once in milk thickened with flour, add butter, pepper and salt.

To make cold boiled potatoes good, cut potatoes into small dice, and for every three or four potatoes, chop up and add one onion. Wet all with vinegar adding salt, pepper and mustard to taste.

Try cold roast beef chopped up and wet with hot vinegar and a little mustard.—M.

To Cook Vegetable Oysters.—After carefully washing and scraping, put in pot in water with a small portion of milk or flour stirred in—this will prevent it from turning black. After it has been washed in this water it is placed on the stove with boiling water, and salt according to taste, and boil until tender. Then take equal quantities of butter and flour, which are melted together in an earthen crock. When well heated first pour on a little of the water in which the oyster plant has been boiled, adding the rest and vegetable afterward. Let boil a few minutes. When ready to serve, stir in the yolk of an egg which has been thoroughly whipped, with a little milk or cream.—If "Eda" should try this, would like to hear results.—A. K.

Plum Jelly and Jam.—We have been making jelly and jam of plums and then as so good, I would like to tell the sisters of the BLADE how we did it. Take what plums you wish to use and scatter a teaspoonful or two of soda (use according to amount of plums) over them, then pour on boiling water to cover, cover the dish, (we use a granite iron dish pan to cook in) and let stand on the stove until the skins crumble. This makes them tender and takes out the bitter taste; pour off all this water, set on the stove and nearly cover with boiling water, cover and let cook one half hour, then pour off all the juice through a cloth, and to every pint allow a pint of sugar; set the sugar to heat in shallow pans, and stir often; let the juice boil about half an hour, then add the hot sugar and stir till dissolved, let boil up, try it to see if thick enough if not boil longer till done; do not get too hard, as it grows harder by standing.

For the Jam.—After draining off the juice let the plums cool, then take the pits out with your hands (or any way to get them out), put the pulp even with what sugar you think they need, stir most of the time to prevent burning, try and if not sweet enough add more sugar, cook till very thick, take out a little and let cool to tell. Use quinces the same way, and use spices in the jam if you like.—MRS. WITTER.

Icing for Cake.—4 tablespoonfuls white powdered sugar to the white of 1 egg. When made set over the steam of teakettle 15 minutes to dry slightly. Stir often.—MAG.

Remedies.—As "Mother" has given a remedy for epileptic fits, I will tell you what an old lady told me cured her father of epilepsy. He convulsed fits after suffering with them 21 years; also cured a young lady whose friends had tried every known remedy for her without relief: 1 tablespoonful barberry bark, 2 tablespoonfuls garden rue, and 1 pt. brandy. Dose, tablespoonful two or three times a day.

"Mattie," a sister who visited me a short time ago, told me that a neighbor of hers, who suffered from hoarseness the worst of anyone she ever saw, was entirely cured by drinking a tea made from the small leaves of the common mullein stalk. The remedy was advised by a lady physician.—SARAH A. STANTON.

For "Rose Geranium" I send a few recipes for nice lunch and supper dishes.

Cucumber Pickles.—2 gallons of good vinegar, 2 oz. each of cloves, allspice, mustard, and alum, 4 ozs. salt, 6 ozs. horseradish cut in pieces. Put all in the vinegar and bring to a boil, then put all in a five gallon crock, and as you pick the cucumbers, wash and dry them and put in crock. If a scum should rise, pour off the vinegar, scald it and put back. The scum is not apt to rise if your vinegar is good. If there are any objections to alum leave it out or use less; I use it, it hardens the pickles. This is for Subscriber in BLADE of September 2. I hope she will try them; they are good, and keep good.—MRS. WITTER.

Cure for Toothache.—Take a large teaspoonful of ginger, make into a paste with strong vinegar, spread on a cloth and fold over; lay on the face, with one thickness of cloth between the poultice and face, and keep in place with a handkerchief tied round the head. If vinegar is not very strong use part ext. Jamaica ginger with the vinegar. It is good for pain in any part of the body, and will stop toothache when everything else fails.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Or Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

TOLEDO, O.	ASHTON, DAK.	PLEASANTON, KAN.
Roy Hill	Austin Stevens	Andrew Webster
H Whitmore	Allie Seneschal	Eva Howard
Fred Waterbury	Oscar Emery	Chas F Williams
Jimmie Emlon	Walter Lambert	Rosa Webster
Easton Ferguson	Chas Ward	J R Howard
Harry Richards	Lottie Stevens	J L Carter
Bertie Gray	Mamie Stevens	W H DeRome
Ikey Doucet	Oscar Seneschal	Frank Sampson
Chas Kersey	Eddie Senechal	Harvey Molden
Frank Salisbury	Caddie Stevens	Acy Hodges
Chas Weber	Ernest Seneschal	Edw'd Wetherbe
David Will	Mamie LeBeau	Elliott Gifford
Eddie Paden	Belle LeBeau	Clara Sampson
Frank Crane	Percy LeBeau	Maud Sampson
Eddy Salisbury	Robbie LeBeau	Ella Jackson
Howard Warner	Ray Stevens	Mary E Webster
Carl Fassnacht	Josie LeBeau	Susie C Molden
Gilbert Thayer	Eliza Allister	May L Howard
Earl Webb	Livingston Ackly	Esther Z Howard
David Monroe	Freeman Bonsey	Liz'le Minchmy'r
Frank Reinhart	Percy Olivy	Annie Molden
Chas Reinhart	Nellie McAllister	Gusta Molden
Grace Ben'inger	Russie Morris	Ira A Littell
Lucy Cook	Ralph Bowman	Willie Webster
Maud Stewart	Lizzie Pennington	Ellie Webster
Belle Vinal	Arthu Coleman	Harlin Jackson
Mamie Thomas	Estella Barr	Cora Pabolt "
Lizzie Scheidt	A E Beaumont	L M Hodges
Mabel Ferguson	Ethel Kelly	J A Conlter
Gertie Church	Ben Cowan	W S Stevens
Flora Stewart	Linnie Price	Dave B Fizer
Clara Cook	Veda Rogers	A L Karraker
Carrie Thomas	Myrtle Lee	Isaac McHenry
Annie Schultz	Mamie Lee	Clyde Howard
Jennie Chidester	Mary Ranser	Nellie Howard
Hattie Nellis	Janet Ingalls	Mary J Sampson
Elsie Kirkham	Madge Kelly	Ida Howard
Allie Owen	Hattie Versley	Alma Jackson
Fannie Chidester	Maud E Thomas	Jane Riggs
Ada Gibson	Bertha Bryan	Maggie Carter
Lottie Adkins	Eva B Sampson	Andrew Morrel
Mabel Kersey	W B Sampson	Dale Sampson
Frank Owen	GENOA, NEB.	F W Johnson
Willie Thomas	Louise Saare	Elmer E Rees
Jas Monroe	Augusta Saare	Hardin Stark
Willie Andres	BLAKESBURGH, IA.	Sarah Morriston
Frank Bensman	Suda Glover	Dell Park
Walter Sallsbury	Hester Glover	Emma Wetherbe
Murray Pierce	Ira Glover	Hattie Moriston
Clayton Deane	COLDWATER, KAN.	Thompson Park
Carlton Deane	Lena Tompkins	Jane Howard
Willie Webb	Abbie Tompkins	Fred Underberg
Lester Webb	Chas Tompkins	GOLDEN CITY, MO.
Clarence Baker	SUNSET, ILL.	Wm Bagain
Nathan Booth	Willie Bamber	RUSSELLVILLE, TENN.
Archie Bell	Jas McArthur	
Jakie Richter	Edwin Eaton	Thos Lee
Eddie Becker	John Murray	Wm Robertson
Phonny Planck	MARTINSTOWN, MO.	Jack Phipps
Attie Planck	Emma Husted	SO PLACE, GIVEN.
Louisa Harris	Lizzie Husted	Lowell Woodard
Mamie Crane	Mary Husted	NEWMARKET, IA.
Naomi Vinal	Cord Husted	Cora Pace
Emma Fassnacht	Belle Warnick	Lizzie Savage
Annie Cook	HAZLETON, IA.	Jessie Savage
Dollie Thomas	C Z Gardiner	Freddie Savage
Nettie Wolfskeel	PIPESTONE, MO.	Nettie Savage
Cassie Smith	Mary Stephens	EAST PARIS, MICH.
Frank Pigg	Alice Stephens	J F Neiliat
Jessie Pigg	Thos Stephens	FENNIMORE, MICH.
Essie Crowell	T L Stevens	Flory Allen
Ora Reilly	Celia Bledsoe	Martha Dean
Annie Reilly	NEWTON, W. VA.	Sarah Dean
TIPTON, KAN.	Mary Wilson	Ernest Dean
Harry Gravatt	PRINCETON, IND.	Geo Billings
Willard Gravatt	Lizzie Gorman	Ray Wetherbe
Frank Gatewood	Estelle McClurskin	Florence Wolcott
Lillian Gatewood	Rose McClurskin	Maud Bentley
Willard Gatewood	Maggie McClurskin	Claude Bentley
Evalin Gatewood	A McClurskin	KIER, IA.
PETERSBURG, IND.	John McClurskin	Lily Wilbur
Willie Hoggatt	Joseph, MO	Rosa Wilbur
Lucy Hoggatt	Wm Saare	ERWIN, TENN.
Vollie Hoggatt	GREASY, MO.	E Booth
Lonnie Hoggatt	E M Page	ROCHESTER, WASH. TER.
NO PLACE GIVEN.	W J Tuple	Harry Duff
Addie Eshon	H F Tuple	SHERMAN, KAN.
DANBY, N. Y.	P M Tuple	Chas Naylor
Mittie Brock	W S French	NORTH HYDE PARK VT.
Ada Brock	ROCKFORD, KAN.	J Grace Allen
Chester Brock	Capicola Miller	
Arthur Brock	Maud Miller	

Names this week, 345. Total, 13,828.

WHAT THE OLD CLOCK SAID.

BY SARAH D. HOBART.

It stood alone in the dusky hall,—
A sombre figure, weird and tall;
Brown and stained was the ancient case
And the carven cherubs about its face,
With chubby cheeks and curls tossed free,
Told of the land across the sea
And the stout Dutch artist full of cheer
Who chiseled the angels and drank his beer.

Great-great-grandfather trooper bold
Who loved the country more than gold,
Who led the fight at Germantown
And lost an arm ere the sun went down,
Brought the old clock over the seas
With the curious pipes on the mantel-piece,
And the precious cups of ancient delf
Stored with care on the closet shelf.

Here, when the country was wild with fear
Indians and British far and near,
They hid the babe in the blanket brown
While the pillaged cabins sacked the town.
And the story goes, as they left the spot
The old clock ticked, "Fear not! Fear not!"
And lulled by its music the babe slept on
Till the fight was o'er and the red-coats gone.

I remember well the awe and pride
I used to feel as I stood beside,
And see the great hands move on its face,
Steadily bent on keeping the place,
The pendulum swinging forward and back
With its slow monotonous "tac-tic-tack,"
And thrilled to the stroke of its solemn bell
As it seemed to ring of time the knell.

Once when my ball flew through the door
And dashed a vase on the parlor floor,
I nerved myself for a falsehood flat
And told my mother it was the cat.
Then as I guiltily slunk away
Toward the room where my playthings lay,
The old clock looked with its one great eye
And I heard it mutter, "You told a lie!"

A meddlesome mentor henceforth it grew,
For when I was playing with little Sue
If I lost my temper and slapped her cheek
The old clock cried, "You're a sneak, a sneak!"
If I happened to take the softest chair,
The nicest apple or plumpest pear,
I could hear it still with its slow "tic-tack,"
Calling me names behind my back.

The boys were going to Heron Lake,
With bottles of beer and loads of cake,
With torches and flags; I was "dead broke;"
I asked my father, but he said "no!"
I sat by the table in dumb despair,
I had no money to pay my fare
Or without a word I'd have gone along.
For I know I was right and father was wrong.

Then something happened; my heart beat fast,
I saw my way to the Lake at last,
For peeping out from the edge of a bill
I caught a glim

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

SORE NECK.—I have a valuable mare six years old, that has got a sore neck, which caused her to kick up and crowd the other horse every time she starts to go. She then goes all right until she is stopped and started again. Her neck is well now, but she continues this bad habit—in fact grows worse. What shall I do for her?—SUNSCRIBER. [Your mare's neck may be healed up, but it would very naturally be tender for some time afterward. Treat her kindly, and be patient with her. Her neck may yet be very tender, and until thoroughly well she will be restless when you start to drive her. Many an animal contracts vicious habits by the owner, after sores have healed over, not having sufficient patience. There should be as little pressure as possible on the part that was affected. Rub the part with this liniment: Best vinegar, one quart; saltpetre, pulverized, four ounces; wormwood, four drachms. Mix and steep in a dish, well covered. Strain and press the herb. Rub in well.—ED.]

S. S., Columbus, O.: As to the sprung knees, it is safe to say that five out of every ten horses thus affected have corns or navicular disease. Have your blacksmith test the sole of your horse's feets for corns. If they are found, he should have his shoes removed and kept standing for a month on wet clay, in order that the foot may expand and absorb the semi-fungoid substance. Give cooling food. If the horse is affected with navicular disease, see back numbers of the BLADE.—ED.]

COLIC.—Please give through your columns information in regard to my horse. When he lies down he cannot get up, and is in great pain. He appears as if he had the colic or belly-ache. He will straighten his legs and quiver, throw his head around to his side and groan in great agony. As soon as he is helped upon his feet he will go to eating, and is apparently all right.—L. S. HART, Interlachen, Fla. [As soon as your horse is attacked, give laudanum, one ounce; oil of turpentine, one ounce; linseed oil, one pint; mix and shake. Next day after this has operated, give morning and evening for three or four days, half an ounce of nitre in the drinking water. A horse that is subject to colic should not be given too much cold water to drink.—ED.]

JOHN F. MCKAY, Sunnyside, Pa.: The cause of big root in your cabbage is not known to me. Fine manure should not have been fresh, but well rotted. Perhaps the soil in which the cabbages were planted needed lime. Pure hog manure is almost sure to cause big root. Two theories are advanced relative to big root. One is that it is caused by poor soil, bad cultivation and exhausted manure, and the other is that it is done by an insect enemy, curculio contractus, and that the maggots at the root are the progeny of the cabbage flea.—ED.]

SWELLED LEG IN COLT.—What can I do for my colt? It is about two months old; its right hind leg is swelled up two or three times its usual size and is hard as can be. It has no use of its leg whatever; the joint is just as hard as the leg.—WATSON, Ill. [Use this liniment: Olive oil, two ounces; aqua ammonia, one ounce; mix and add two ounces of oil origanum, one ounce spirits of turpentine, half an ounce oil of wormwood, alcohol one pint.—ED.]

HORSE WITH BAD LEG.—I have a horse with a bad leg. He got hurt in the spring on a hay-rake, near the fetlock joint, and has been lame ever since. The size of a thimble, and it broke, and I think it got poisoned, for it has been swollen ever since, with lumps from the size of a hickory nut to the size of a walnut, and they break an run bloody matter, and then dry up, but still more come.—F. B., Okeetee, Kansas. [Commence by giving the horse the ball: Ginger, one drachm; castile soap, two drachms; Barbadoes aloes, pulverized, five drachms; flaxseed meal, one ounce. After the purge the bowels are found to be irregular, and the feces ill smelling, give bisulphate of soda one ounce; powdered gentian, half an ounce. Make a ball, to give night and morning. For an outward application rub the leg well with castile soap, after it has become soft, wash with carbolic soap and water, until the scabs are removed, or as much of them as possible. Then rub this on the sores, continuing daily for a week: oil of tar, one ounce; lac sulphur, one and a half ounces. Then wash with castile soap and water. After this give the horse raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; spirits of sweet nitre, two ounce. In two weeks apply the tar, etc., if any sores appear, and afterward wash with castile soap and water. It is necessary to get the horse's blood in condition before outward applications are of permanent benefit. Do not use a curry comb without thoroughly cleaning it each time it is used, as it helps to spread the disease. The harness should also be kept thoroughly clean, as well as the stall. —ED.]

Mildew on Plants.

An Eastern correspondent of the *American Farmer* gives the simple formula for the destruction of mildew on house roses. It may prove as effective for mildew on other plants. At any rate it is easily applied, and deserves trial by those troubled with the pest: Take one pound sulphur, one pound slaked lime, three-fourths of an ounce of carbolic acid, in two gallons of water and boil down to one gallon. Cork and set away for use. Use a 2½-inch pot full of the mixture to five gallons of water, and spray foliage well. Keep the ventilators down two or three hours after applications, as the fumes will be retained better. We use this preparation twice a week, not only as a cure but as a preventive. We grow in Mr. P.'s greenhouse, teas and hybrid teas in raised benches for wood for propagation during summer. We have not a sufficient amount of glass for the quantity of plants we grow, so we use walls, benches, walks and under the benches five or six pots deep, so that we are liable to have diseased plants on our hand, if we are not very careful.

Black spots on roses was also cured by the same means. This is what he says: This spring we had considerable black spot on our stock plants, and some mildew. We planted them in five inches of soil, sod cut two inches, inverted on the benches and three inches of soil on top; this kept them barely damp until new growth started; then dressed the soil with well-rotted manure. Applied sulphur and lime, but made poor headway against the mildew, none whatever on black spot. Added carbolic acid and eradicated the mildew entirely, while black spot began to visibly vacate the premises; it could be noticed at the second application. It seems to cling to American Beauty more than any, but gradually diminishes on it. We think manure water is a powerful assistant in eradicating this pest, at least it is not harmful, as may be proven by our roses; they were planted the latter part of May from 2½ to 3½ pots. Hybrid Perpetual roses have had canes three to four feet. Teas 2 to 2½ feet growth.

The Broom-Corn Crop in Kansas.

The following is clipped from the *News*, published at Lindsborg, McPherson county, Kansas, nearly the centre of the broom-corn region of that state:

The broom-corn harvest has commenced in earnest, and though the yield is going to exceed the predictions of many, it will not be as large as was first expected. The late rains came in time to save the crop from total loss, but not to prevent it being considerably damaged by the drouth and chinch bugs. We were favored with an interview with Mr. F. G. Hawkinson, the traveling correspondent of the broom-corn firm of Hawkinson, who has just returned from an extensive trip through the broom-corn growing districts of Illinois, and from him we obtain the following: In the southern portion of Illinois the crop is almost entirely destroyed by drouth, while in the central and nothern parts of the state the crop is very much damaged, and that there will not be much more than a half crop in the state. The number of acres planted this year, compared with last, is greater, but not as large as it was in either the years of eighty-three or eighty-four. The visible supply of last year has been almost entirely consumed, and factories are being forced to shut down for the want of corn. Common house brooms sell at the factories for $3.50 per dozen, while heavy shop brooms sell at $4, which is more than they have sold for before in several years, showing that the scarcity of corn is already being felt, and that the price of broom-corn is apt to be much higher than it now is. In fact there is not much bought but that good broom-corn will reach $200 per ton before the first of October. The Broom-corn Growers' association have been to considerable expense in obtaining the statistics of the crop prospects for the year, but the return which the farmers will receive by having a correct knowledge of the market without being forced to listen to the reports circulated by the owners of factories, and buyers, who with money at their command can have published the condition of the market to suit their own desire, and in this way obtain the hard-earned crop from the farmers for a third less than its actual value.

Watermelon Culture.

The proper time to begin watermelon culture is the year before the crop is to be raised. A sward is the best possible land, since it is comparatively free from insects and at the same time rich in the natural constituents of growth. It should be plowed as early in the autumn as possible, or early in the winter, for in the former many insects will be killed and the soil be so far rotten by the time the melons are to be planted, whether they be water or muskmelons, that the soil may be brought into perfect condition for the subsequent cultivation.

As to this and the fertilization, the soil for watermelons and cantaloupes should be very light, and although the crop does best when the showers are frequent, yet nothing is so injurious as to attempt to keep them too damp. A wet soil is very unfavorable, and as the roots grow as fast as the tops, too much working around the plants will not answer. Land is provided where the attempt is made to grow them, provided the season is long enough, a deep hole is dug, stones or chips put in, and well rotted manure placed over them. The manure is then covered with a few inches of rich dirt, and the seed planted. This gives thorough underdrainage, provided the ground is also drained otherwise, and permits of the air and heat entering, the cold moisture being either evaporated or allowed to pass below. The plants should be well worked until they begin to run. Then only the ground before the running vines should be worked. When the grass and weeds should be pulled out. It has been claimed that by pinching back the vines, after the fruit has set, the melons will be better and larger, but such has not always proved true. The best fertilizer is plenty of well-rotted manure, with a handful of a mixture of ashes and superphosphate around the ground over which the plants run, about the time of the ripening of the fruit.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Kill the Weeds.

In too many neighborhoods farmers have prepared a bountiful crop of weeds for next year's seeding. Along the roads, in old strawberry patches and potato fields, in the waste places, back of the houses' there are millions of weed seeds ripening at leisure. Weeds are a curse. We are tired of the charity we practice in the claims weeds virtues have not been discovered." They are the worst of all enemies of legitimate plant life, for they add rob'ery to murder. If farmers would only combine against these tramp weeds, which crowd into roadsides and other waste places, thus escaping the cultivation which has been bestowed on the profitable parts of the farm, with the determination with which they combined against oleomargarine, they could make solid progress. The fact that the weeds grow and flourish upon land that could not be profitably employed in agriculture, leads many farmers to consider their unquestionably harmless. This is a fatal mistake. So long as a single weed ripens its seed within 20 rods of a cultivated field that field is in danger. And even after every growing weed has been exterminated there is danger. It has been shown that weed seeds can lie dormant in the soil for years, to germinate at last when least expected. The interest awakened in tree planting by the general observance of Arbor Day has done much to counteract the careless spirit which begrudges the destruction of forests. Shall we not be forced in the near future to appoint "Weed Days." The idea is a sensible one. By devoting one day to the business of cutting and burning the weeds that grow in roads and waste places, farmers could save themselves an immense amount of work and trouble. Let Granges and Farmers' Clubs take hold of the matter and make "Weed Day" an established fact. —*Rural New Yorker.*

Points of Difference Between Horses and Cattle.

Let every boy and girl read the following differences between the horse and the ox—physiologically and anatomically considered. They are well worth your study and thought:

CATTLE.	HORSES.
Have two toes.	Have one toe.
Horned.	Without horns.
Have no mane.	Have flowing mane.
Long hair in a tuft at end of tail.	Tail covered with long hair.
Pawing with fore feet denotes anger.	Pawing with fore feet denotes hunger.
Seize forage with the tongue.	Gather food with the lips.
Lips slightly movable.	Lips very movable.
Have no upper incisor teeth.	Have upper and lower incisors.
Lie down fore parts first.	Lie down hind parts first.
Rise on hind legs first.	Rise on fore legs first.
Short mouth. No space between incisor and molar teeth.	Mouth long. Space between front and back teeth.
Four stomachs.	One stomach.
They chew their cud.	Do not chew the cud.
Intestines small—120 feet long.	Intestines large—60 feet long.
Have gall bladder.	Have no gall bladder.
May vomit.	Do not vomit.
May breathe through the mouth.	Do not breathe through the mouth.
Mouth generally open when wearied.	Mouth never open from exhaustion.
Defense by goring.	Defense by kicking.
Bellow or moo.	Neigh or whinny.
Do not sweat.	Perspire easily.
Have dewlaps.	Have no dewlaps.
No warts inside of hind legs.	Have oval warts inside hind legs.
Never use teeth in fighting.	Use the teeth in fighting.
Do not retract the ears.	Retract the ears when angry.
Very rough tongue.	Soft, smooth tongue.
Short, broad head.	Long, narrow head.
Wide, drooping ears.	Erect, narrow ears.
Limbs not formed for strength.	Limbs formed for speed.
Live twelve or eighteen years.	Live thirty or forty years.
Do not roll in the dust.	Do roll in the dust.
Sleep with both ears alike.	Sleep with one ear forward.
Lie down to sleep.	Often sleep standing.
Eat and lie down to ruminate.	Never ruminate. Eat little and often.
Shoulders straight.	Shoulders sloping.

Chief Justice Waite.

DENVER, Sept. 20.—Chief Justice Waite, accompanied by his daughter, arrived here yesterday, on their way to Washington, after a prolonged trip to Alaska. They will remain here until Wednesday, when they will resume the journey home.

—Dizziness, nausea, drowsiness and distress after eating can be cured and prevented by taking Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pillets.

TALMAGE ON OUR DISADVANTAGES.

How the Poison of Discouragement Makes the Lives of Many Miserable—God and Christianity the Only Means of Relief From the Multitude of Disadvantages.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 19.—The Rev T. DeWitt Talmage preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject of "Disadvantages of Some People." The opening hymn was:

"Blow ye the trumpet! Blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound."

After expounding appropriate passages of Scripture, Dr. Talmage took his text from Genesis xiii 36: "All these things are against me," and preached the following sermon:

Father Jacob, you are wrong! You think your son Joseph is dead, but he is prime minister of Egypt, and has the keys of the great corn crib. You think that circumstances are all adverse, but they will turn out well. In all your life you never made a greater mistake than when you said: "All these things are against me."

A great multitude of people are under seeming disadvantages, and I will to-day, in the swarthiest Anglo-Saxon that I can manage, treat their cases; not as a nurse counts out eight or ten drops of a prescription, and stirs in a tumbler a glass of water, but as when a man has by mistake taken a large amount of strychine, or Paris green, or belladonna, and the patient is walked rapidly around the room, and shaken up, and pounded until he gets wide awake. Many of you have taken a large draught of the poison of discouragement, and I come out by the order of the Divine Physician to rouse you out of that lethargy.

I. First, many people are under the disadvantage of an unfortunate name given them by parents who thought they were doing a good thing. Sometimes at the baptism of children, while I have held up one hand in prayer I have held up the other in amazement that parents should have weighted the babe with such a dissonant and repulsive nomenclature. I have not so much wondered that some children should cry out at the christening font as that others with such smiling face should take a title that will be the burden of their lifetime. It is outrageous to afflict children with an undesirable name because it happened to be possessed by a parent or a rich uncle from whom favors are expected, or some prominent man of the day who may end his life in disgrace. It is no excuse, because they are Scripture names announced to me, like saying, as did Rev. Dr. Richards, of Morristown, N. J., when a child was handed him for sprinkling, and the name given: "Hadn't you better call it something else?"

Impose not upon that babe a name suggestive of flippancy or meanness. There is no excuse for such assault and battery on the cradle when our language is opulent with names musical in sound and suggestive in meaning, such as John, meaning "the gracious gift of God"; or Henry, meaning "the chief of a household" or Alfred, meaning "good counselor"; or Joshua, meaning "God, our salvation"; or Nicholas, meaning "victory of the people"; or Ambrose, meaning "immortal"; or Andrew, meaning "manly"; or Esther, meaning "a star"; or Abigail, meaning "my father's joy"; or Anna, meaning "grace," or Victoria, meaning "victory," or Rosalie, meaning "beautiful as a rose;" or Margaret, meaning "a pearl;" or Ida, meaning "god-like;" or Clara, meaning "illustrious;" or Amelia, meaning "busy;" or Bertha, meaning "beautiful," and hundreds of other names just as good, that are a help rather than a hindrance. But sometimes the great hindrance in life is not in the given name, but in the family name. While legislatures are willing to lift such inaubus there are families that keep a name which mortgages all the generations with a great disadvantage. You say: "I wonder if he is any relation to so and so," mentioning some family celebrated for crime and deception. I do not blame that man if all such shun him. A studious and spirited young man does not rise, saying to his brothers and sisters: "If you want to keep this nuisance or scandalization of a name, I will keep it no longer, than until, by quickest course of law, I can slough off this gangrene." When the Presbyterian body of the Presbyterian church of the United States met in this building in 1876, two estimable men of the sweetest disposition stopped at the same house, and one had the misnomer of being Mr. Sour and the other the misnomer of being Mr. Bitter. And you know by directory, has hundreds of names the mere pronunciation of which has been a life-long obstacle. If you have started life under a name which, either through ridiculous orthography or vicious suggestion, has been an encumbrance, resolve that the next generation shall not be weighted.

It is no bemeaning to change a name. Saul of Tarsus became Paul the Apostle. Hadassah, "the myrtle," became Esther, "the star." We have in America, and I suppose it is so in all countries, names which ought to be abolished, and can be, and will be abolished, for the reason that they are a libel and a slander. If, for any reason, you are submerged, either by a given name or by a family name that you must bear, God will help you to overcome the outrage by a life consecrated to the good and useful. You may erase the curse from the name. You may somewhat change the significance. But once for all, for sweetness, you can make it stand for generosity. If once it stood for pride, you can make it stand for humility. If it once stood for fraud, you can make it stand for honesty. If once it stood for wickedness, you can make it stand for purity. There have been multitudes of instances where men and women have magnificently conquered the disasters of the name inflicted upon them.

II. Again: Many people labor under the misfortune of incomplete physical equipment. We are by our Creator so economically built that we cannot afford the obliteration of any physical faculty. We want our two eyes, our two ears, our two hands, our two feet, our eight fingers and two thumbs. Yet what multitudes of people have but one eye, or but one foot. The ordinary casualties of life have been quadrupled, quintupled, sextupled, aye centupled, in our time by the civil war, and at the North and South a great multitude that no man can number are fighting the battle of life with half, or less than half, the needed physical armaments. Who not wonder at the patient one-legged soldier during the war, who, when told that he must have his hand amputated, said: "Doctor, can't you save it?" and when told that it was impossible said, with tears rolling down his cheeks: "Well, then, good-bye, old hand; I hate to part with you. You have done me a good service for many years, but it seems you must go. Good-bye."

A celebrated surgeon told me of a scene in the clinical department of one of the New York hospitals, when a poor man with a wounded leg was brought in before the students to be operated upon. The surgeon was pointing out this and that to the students, and handling the wounded leg, and was about to proceed to amputation, when the poor man leapt from the table, and hobbled to the door, and said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disappoint you, but, by the help of God, I will die with my leg on." What a terrible loss is the loss of our physical faculties!

The way the battle of Crecy was decided against the French was by the Welshmen killing the French horses, and that brought their riders to the ground. And when you cripple this body, which is merely the animal on which the soul rides, you may sometimes defeat the soul.

Yet how many suffer from this physical taking off! Good cheer, my brother! God will make it up to you somehow. The grace, the sympathy of God will be more to you than anything you have lost. If God knows part of your resources to be cut off in one place, he will add them in some where else. As Augustus, the Emperor, took off a day from February, making it the shortest month in the year, and added it to August, the month named after himself, so advantages taken from one part of your nature will be added on to another.

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WASHINGTON.

CHINESE OUTRAGES.

Official Report of the American Minister at Pekin.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—Minister Denby, at Pekin, has reported to the secretary of state two cases of recent outrage perpetrated by the Chinese upon Americans. Rev. A. M. Fulton and wife, and Miss Mary Fulton, M. D., and all of the American Presbyterian mission in China, established a mission hospital station at Kwaiping, about 400 miles southwest from Canton. When they had expended a considerable sum in putting up buildings, placards appeared on the walls, declaring that the "foreign devils" must go in three days, and their buildings be destroyed. Literati, as usual, were at the bottom of the disturbances. A crowd gathered near the hospital, and Mr. Fulton set out to secure the protection of the militia. He was stoned on the way, and not permitted to return, and no soldiers were sent to protect the mission.

On May 6 the mob piled straw and faggots against the building occupied by Mrs. and Miss Fulton, and a little daughter of Mr. Fulton's, and a little daughter of Mr. Fulton's, and a little daughter of Mr. Fulton's